Saturday Review

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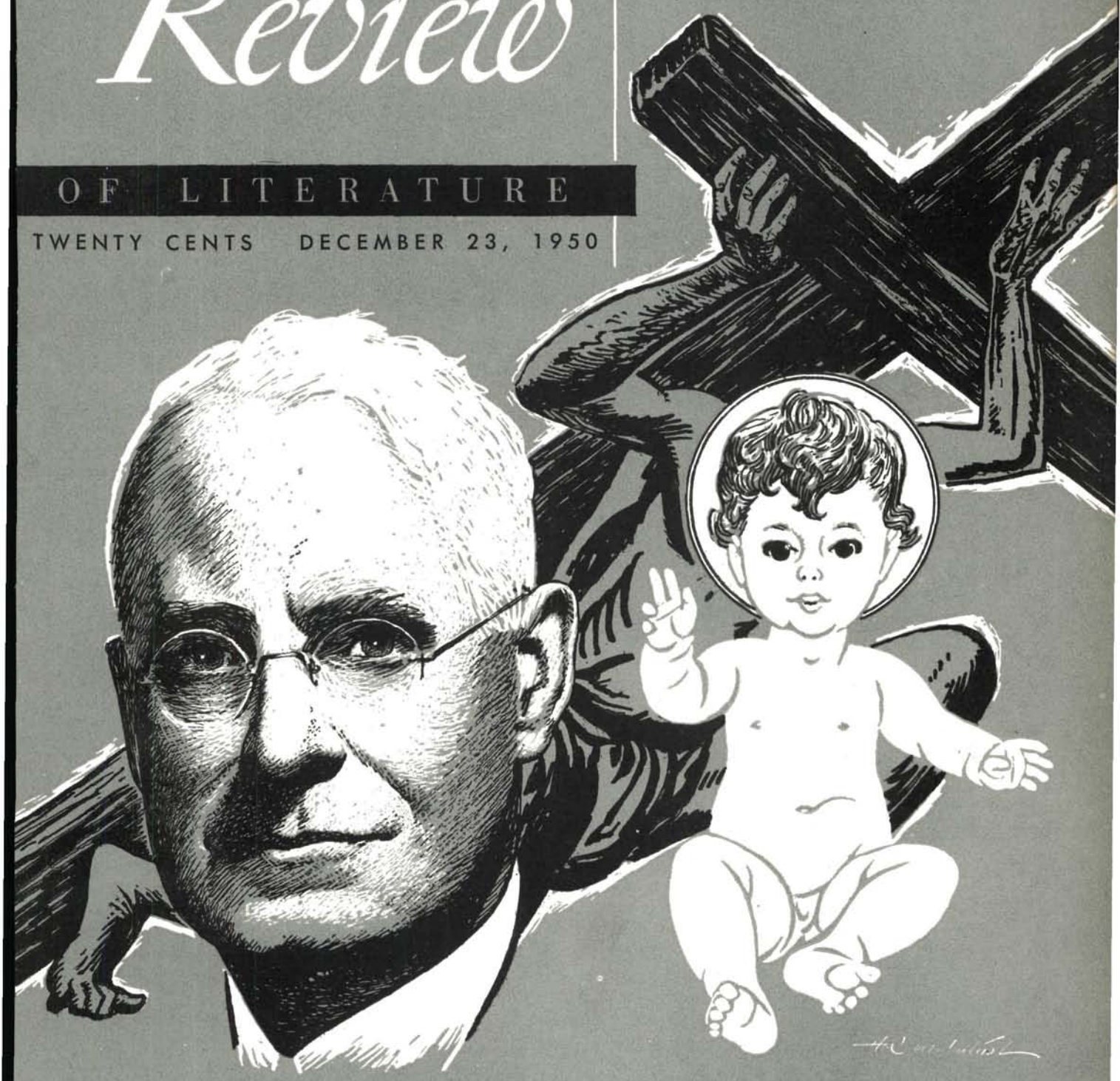

Edgar J. Goodspeed, author of "A Life of Jesus." (See page 9)

How to Live in Two Worlds

By EDMUND W. SINNOTT

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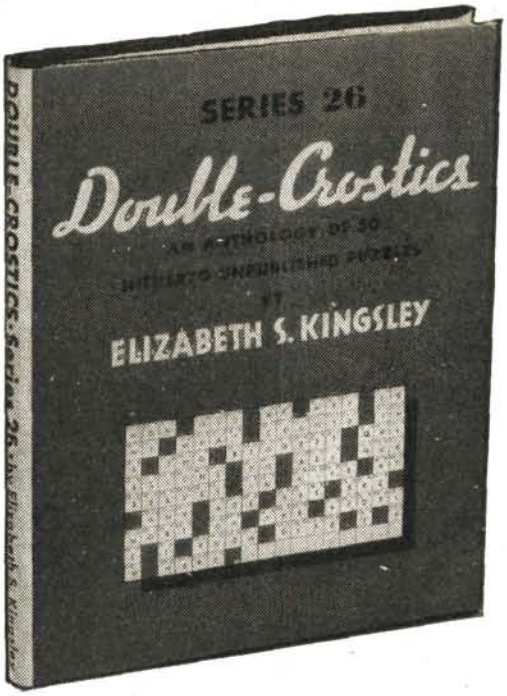

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December 23, 1950

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ND JOSEPH also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:)

To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this *shall be* a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

And when they had seen *it*, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

And all they that heard *it* wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these things, and pondered *them* in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY, Luke 2: 4-20, as it has been told and read from *Oxford Bibles* since 1675.

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TRADE Winds

TRY AND STOP THEM

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Bennett Cerf has just celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as a publisher. In honor of that anniversary* TRADE WINDS *this week is not by but about its regular contributor. The guest conductor is Richard L. Simon, of Simon & Schuster.*

IN LATE September 1923 I was having lunch with my old classmate Bennett Cerf at the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York City. Bennett was saying that Wall Street was boring him and asked me to talk about publishing. After I had embarked on a two-and-one-half minute monologue, he stopped me and asked: "How can I get into publishing?" And immediately I said: "Why not take my place at Boni & Liveright? I am planning to leave to start publishing with Max Schuster." Bennett said that sounded fine and asked when could he meet Horace Liveright.

A meeting was set up for the following afternoon at five o'clock at Liveright's office. When Bennett showed up at quarter to six I said to myself, "This is not going to work." But Bennett, who in 1923 could charm the ears off a publisher as ably as he can the ears off an author in 1950, soon had Horace Liveright eagerly hovering over him. A personable young man, probably with Wall Street money, when could he begin? Answer: in three weeks.

The best way for anyone to learn the publishing business is to sell books on the road to booksellers, so when Bennett joined Liveright's firm I asked him to accompany me on a sales expedition to Philadelphia. Knowing him as well as I did I was aware that he regarded any anecdote either true—or untrue—as a treasure to be hoarded and to be dished out at properly auspicious occasions. Therefore I looked forward to some scenes in the drawing rooms of Philadelphia and, accordingly, armed myself with a couple of whoppers. As I recall them, they were:

• • That the firm of Small, Maynard of Boston (whose book "The Sheik" was Number One on the fiction best-seller list) was really owned by Little, Brown, but that Little, Brown had Small, Maynard publish the books that they were ashamed of.

• • That one of the old and distinguished publishers had been in deep financial trouble some ten years back and, instead of going to the banks, had brought out a limited edition of a thousand copies of "Fanny Hill" at $100 a copy, and that this edition got them out of the red in no time flat.

A few days after we arrived I had repeated to me in some of the glamourous drawing rooms of Philadelphia both "The Sheik" story and the "Fanny Hill"—with the most fascinating variations.

The following week Bennett and I went to Boston. We visited the book department of Jordan Marsh late on a cold, wintry afternoon and found the long-since-departed book manager in a foul mood. Never did like these new salesmen anyway. Particularly the ones from New York. Nope, didn't need no books right now. Walking back to our hotel, Bennett suddenly stopped and said something which he wouldn't dream of saying today. After a great deal of fuming about the Jordan Marsh man, he stopped our walk suddenly and announced, "Dick, within ten years I hope I may become one of the great publishers of the country. And if I do I'll never forget how that s.o.b. behaved this afternoon." Quite a prediction from a lad in his twenties who had spent all of three weeks as a salesman apprentice in publishing. One of Cerf's charms today is that while he wouldn't speak, much less think, so brashly he nevertheless remains a man of complete candor.

In April 1925 the fortunes of the year-old firm of Simon & Schuster were at low ebb. We were selling practically no books at all, no good manuscripts were coming into the house, and Max Schuster thought it would be a good idea for one of us to see if any better manuscripts were available in London. We tossed a coin and I won.

As I was saying good-by to friends on the *Aquitania* I met Bennett Cerf, also saying good-by to friends. The ship sailed, and as the foghorn blew on our way down the Hudson we found ourselves sitting next to each other in deck chairs, comparing notes. Bennett, who a year and a quarter ago had entered the publishing business, told me he had just bought the Modern Library from Horace Liveright and was planning to have some fun in Europe before becoming a publisher on his own.

Cerf, you see, not only had personal grace but was also a fast worker, and he had somehow managed to raise a considerable amount of money. The deal was that Cerf had paid Liveright $200,000 for the Modern Library, as well as $5,000 a year for five years to Liveright as quote editorial salary unquote.

In order to raise this astronomical sum, Cerf did three things: he took every penny he had himself—and apparently he had not done too badly in Wall Street; he went to his best friend, Donald Klopfer, asked him to join him in the venture, and persuaded him to scrape the bottom of *his* barrel; the two of them persuaded Bennett's uncle, Herbert Wise, to loan them some money. Instead of money, Wise loaned them 500 shares of Norfolk & Western Railroad stock (amounting to a value of $100,000) which was used as collateral. It all looked good to Liveright, and a deal was made.

GOOD things happened fast. Within seven months after Cerf took over the Modern Library he and Klopfer were able to return the securities to Wise. Within four years the original purchase price had been earned. All of the plates and stocks of the Modern Library belonged to Klopfer and Cerf.

Lest this tempt the readers of *SRL* to go too precipitously into the field of publishing, let me quote Donald Klopfer, who understated it when he recently said, "Of course, profits today are nowhere near what they were twenty-five years ago." Let me also add that Cerf and Klopfer decided to draw only $50 a week each out of the business until their original investment had been paid off.

Cerf and Klopfer, in addition to their ability, daring, and cash, had another very important ingredient for their success in publishing—conservatism. In fact Random House never borrowed any large sums of money from anybody until many years later when they began their most ambitious project: publishing "The American College Dictionary." I have not been able to discover how much they borrowed for this venture, but it must have caused these super-conservatives, plus Robert Haas (who is probably more conservative than both of them together), considerable anguish. They had planned to invest less than $250,000 in the dictionary, but before it went to press they found it necessary to raise this total to $560,000. To any-

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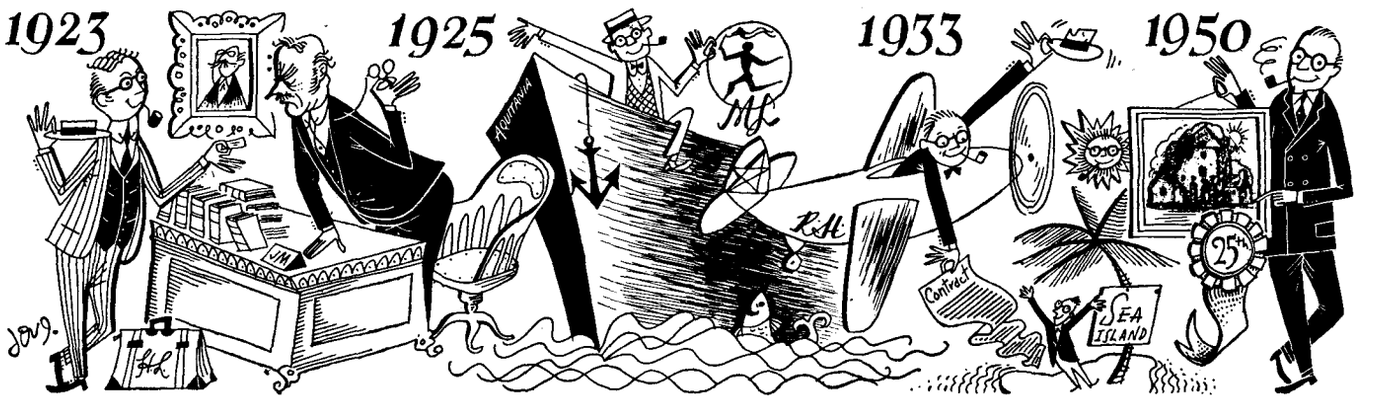

one in the book business it seemed obvious that so supremely excellent a piece of work must pay off its investment, but the greatest doubters in the whole book industry were Cerf, Klopfer, and Haas.

SINCE Robert K. Haas seems to have entered this chronicle without benefit of a proper social introduction let me skip eleven years between the formation of Random House and 1936, the year Haas joined forces with Cerf and Klopfer. This is all wrong chronologically, but since Haas is an immensely important member of the team and since I think the story charming I do not wish to delay it—nor would Bennett want me to. Try and Stop Me.

Soon after Bob Haas returned from World War I (where he won the Distinguished Service Cross) he met one Harry Scherman who with one Max Sackheim published The Little Leather Library. This was a set of thirty little books which sold for the fabulously low price of $2.98. Scherman and Sackheim had sold more than three-quarters of a million sets, at which time they became bored and felt that their talents for selling merchandise would be better concentrated in a general advertising agency, which they had recently formed.

Before long the firm of Sackheim & Scherman found that they were unable to do justice to their clients and also run The Little Leather Library. They sold half the property to Robert K. Haas.

The Library kept rolling along, but gradually the mailing lists were no longer so productive. Readers of the ads stopped filling out so many coupons, and the business started petering out. Sackheim and Scherman decided that they had sold Bob Haas a half interest in a no-longer-thriving enterprise. Both Sackheim and Scherman have always been the most conscientious of men. They felt something ought to be done to justify Haas's investment in The Little Leather Library.

Scherman, the most resourceful salesman who ever entered publishing, said to Haas in effect, "There are lots of ways of selling books, and I have thought of quite a number of them. Let's test out a few and see what happens."

One of the ideas—and a great many publishers would like to know what the others were—was to sell a book a month to subscribers. A mail-order test was made. It seemed to work, and Sackheim and Scherman said, "If the mail-order tests continue well Sackheim and I want you to have a half-interest in it and we'll keep the other half."

The Book-of-the-Month Club became so successful that Scherman found himself spending most of his time devising coupon advertisements and direct mail campaigns for the new venture. Haas finally prevailed upon Scherman to give up the advertising business altogether and spend all his time with the Book-of-the-Month Club. As the years passed Bob Haas decided he had had enough of sending out a book every month and left the Club to study economics. But economics before long seemed to have less charm than publishing. He soon teamed up with Harrison Smith—whose name now appears as president in every issue of *SRL*—to form the firm of Smith & Haas.

Now you may wonder: "How does all this bring Robert K. Haas into the orbit of Donald Klopfer and Bennett Cerf?" It is one of those pleasant accidents that happen because a lot of nice guys do a lot of nice things.

While Haas was still president of the Book-of-the-Month Club he and Harry Scherman decided to use a Random House publication as a dividend to send out to subscribers. The book was an edition of "Moby-Dick," illustrated by Rockwell Kent. The Book-of-the-Month Club offered $10,000 for the rights, which offer was accepted by Random House.

Shortly after the deal was made Scherman and Haas decided to up the guarantee for future book dividends from $10,000 to $15,000. They wrote to Klopfer and Cerf about this, adding that they were happy to make the guarantee retroactive on "Moby-Dick." Cerf and Klopfer—who had closed their office for the afternoon on the day when the original check came in—felt that while this was a very generous offer, indeed, they couldn't accept it. It was just too darn much. They wrote a pleasant thank-you letter saying they could not accept it.

Call it nice or call it whimsical, Haas remembers it as the first of many pleasant things about Klopfer and Cerf. And some five years later, in 1936, it was one of the many reasons why it seemed a good idea to Don and Bennett to take in Bob Haas as a third partner.

Now to go back to our chronology: Random House began in 1926 as publishers of the Modern Library, exclusively. During the first year they sold 385,000 copies, more than in any year under Liveright management. A profit was made, and sales and profits continued to grow each year.

Publishing the Modern Library was fun. Yet Klopfer and Cerf found that in addition to publishing they liked to buy books. Before long, as their business prospered, their buying tastes grew more lush. Soon they began collecting limited editions. They loved the texture of the paper, the quality of the printing, and the lovely bindings. Best of all they liked the Nonesuch Books published in England. They even started publishing some limited editions of their own and found themselves comparing their own products unfavorably with Nonesuch Books.

When Cerf and Klopfer totted up the amount of money they were spending on Nonesuch Books, Cerf wondered whether they might not be able to buy them at wholesale. Klopfer thought the best way to do this would be to get the American agency and buy one copy of each edition, and—who knew—others might buy the remaining 499 or 999. Well, Cerf went to Europe in 1928 and arranged with Sir Francis Meynell, publisher of the Nonesuch Books, to carry out Klopfer's excellent suggestion. For two years every edition of the Nonesuch Books sold out completely. Then along came the Wall Street crash, which affected

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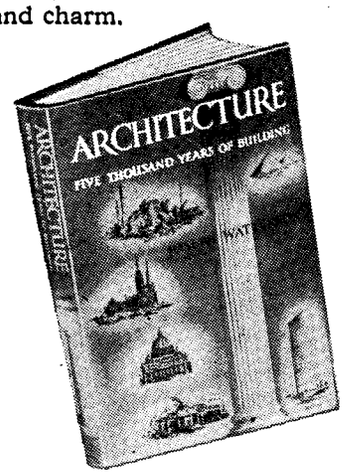

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not only American publishers but British as well, and after 1930 Sir Francis Meynell published no more Nonesuch Limited Editions. But it was fun while it lasted.

Between limited editions—American and British—and Modern Library the partners met their payroll, went to countless cocktail parties, and enjoyed the life of an up-and-coming publishing firm.

During this limited edition escapade both Cerf and Klopfer were wise enough to realize that the Modern Library really remained the backbone of their business and would in all likelihood remain the backbone no matter what other fields they might dabble in.

During their—and it's hard to realize it—almost quarter century in publishing they have sold about twenty million Modern Library books—both the regular ones and the Modern Library Giants. In 1931 Cerf and Klopfer decided to bring out longer works which could not be published at the low Modern Library prices. It was the year that they began publishing Modern Library Giants, whose sales in some ways have been even more spectacular than the regular ones. (See box on page 40.)

The most expensive book the young firm published was a limited edition of "Leaves of Grass," which sold for $100 a copy. It never made the best-seller list.

It was not until 1933 that Cerf and Klopfer published their first current books—and it was quite a debut. These included a volume of poems by Robinson Jeffers and the first American edition of "Ulysses" (which sold 60,000 copies). It was in this year, too, that they acquired the rights to publish the plays of Eugene O'Neill.

It has always seemed to me that Cerf and Klopfer are happier about publishing O'Neill than any other writer. After the death of Horace Liveright many publishers wrote letters to O'Neill using phrases like "the desirability of your establishing a new publishing connection." Instead of writing Cerf flew to see the playwright at Sea Island, Georgia. O'Neill had always liked Cerf when he worked for Liveright and then and there agreed to have Random House publish his works, but with one stipulation—that a job be given to one Saxe Commins. Commins had been O'Neill's editor at Liveright. Cerf considers O'Neill's insistence on the job for Commins as the luckiest break in the life of Random House. Commins soon made himself what they call invaluable to the firm and over the course of the year endeared himself to the firm by the first-rate editorial help he gave such Random House authors as Budd Schulberg, George Stewart, Irwin Shaw, and John O'Hara.

Even before Klopfer and Cerf started buying limited editions they found themselves buying opening-night theatre tickets. Publishing has always been a personal matter to both men, and they figured that the plays they enjoyed so much might be enjoyed equally by others who couldn't get there the first night or who couldn't get to the theatre at all. As a result Random House is by far the outstanding publisher of new Broadway plays. Their drama list includes—in addition to Eugene O'Neill—Clifford Odets, S. N. Behrman, George S. Kaufman, Sidney Kingsley, Rachel Crothers, Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay, Moss Hart, Clare Boothe Luce, Paul Vincent Carroll, John van Druten, Thomas Heggen, and Joshua Logan.

Having delved into the delightful fields of limited editions and the theatre the boys followed up with a little fling into the field of sex. In that they haven't fared too badly either.

In 1935 they published a four-volume edition of "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" by Havelock Ellis. I recall the amusement of the book trade upon seeing first copies of this massive work. Was a cardboard cartoon good enough for the works of Havelock Ellis? Certainly not, thought Cerf and Klopfer, and the four volumes appeared in bookstores encased in a wooden box—and, mind you, that was before the days of Wilhelm Reich. At $10 it has sold 35,000 sets.

But the success of Havelock Ellis pales before the mighty Van de Velde, whose "Ideal Marriage," first published under the Random imprint in 1936 at $7.50 a copy, has sold more than a quarter of a million copies and still rattles along comfortably at the rate of 25,000 copies a year.

Nineteen thirty-six was the year in which Robert K. Haas and Harrison Smith joined forces with Random House, thereby adding to the Random House list the names of William Faulkner, Edgar Snow, and Isak Dinesen, as well as Jean de Brunhoff, the author of the famous Babar Elephant books for children.

In 1938 Harry Maule left his former employer, Doubleday, to join forces with Random House. When Sinclair Lewis a few months later left the house of Doubleday and cast around for a new publisher he found a great number of flattering and lucrative offers. He decided, however, to turn them all down in favor of joining his old Doubleday editor, Harry Maule, and Random House. In fact Lewis is but one of several of the Doubleday authors who eventually came to Random House. Maule had told Cerf at the time he was employed that he

(*Continued on page* 40)

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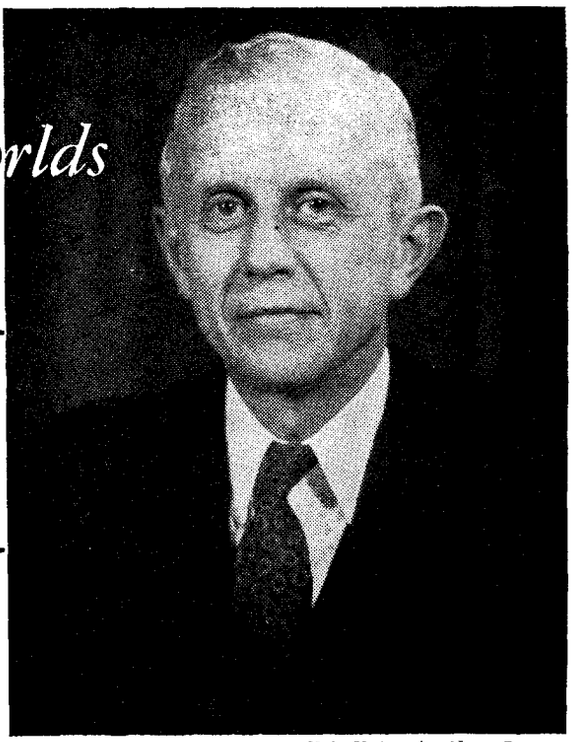
How to Live in Two Worlds

"MAN IS HALF APE, HALF ANGEL. HEREIN LIES HIS GLORY, HIS TRAGEDY, AND THE POSSIBILITY . . . OF TREMENDOUS THINGS."

EDMUND W. SINNOTT



—*Yale University News Bureau.*

Edmund W. Sinnott

IN A DAY of confusion, hatred, and despair, when nations seem helplessly slipping downward toward catastrophe, no problem is more urgent than the discovery of what it was that smashed the bright hopes of half a century ago and split the world in two. This deep schism is in part, of course, a struggle between capitalism and Communism. In part it is a clash between democratic and totalitarian political systems. Beneath these more obvious differences, however, we are coming to recognize a still more profound cleavage that reaches down into the underlying beliefs by which men live, beliefs about the nature of the universe and of themselves. Here differences have grown so wide as almost to prevent a common culture for mankind. Until they can be reconciled, true peace will never come. As Professor H. A. Overstreet has well said, "If our times are out of joint it is because they are *philosophically* out of joint. If we are to set them right we shall have to set them philosophically right."

At the root of the world's present calamities lies such a conflict of philosophies. It is brought about primarily, I believe, by a discord between the ideas of science—modern, forward-looking, dealing with no realities but matter and energy, and regarding man as a minor part of a mechanical and purposeless universe—and the ideals of our older tradition that exalt the freedom, dignity, and spiritual worth of men and believe in a universe which is somehow on the side of his high values.

Communism, adopting Marx's rather naive interpretation of science and thus unreservedly embracing a materialistic philosophy, has pressed this to its logical conclusions. If men are simply mechanisms—material, mortal, and devoid of inherent worth—why should society be concerned with the significance of individuals? Since the universe is rigidly determined by physical law, to talk of freedom within it is senseless. Society to be efficient must be tightly organized, and any "deviations" among its members should therefore be ruthlessly suppressed. Darwin has shown how progress is made only through struggle; so why harbor the preposterous illusion that good will, friendship, and love are high personal or social ideals? Success is to the strong and to the crafty and any code that extols truth, justice, and mercy as values of life is obviously foolish. Since man is without a soul and the universe without a purpose, religion in the traditional sense or the existence of any kind of a God are clearly unthinkable. Man is but a temporary and insignificant episode in an immense universe which heeds him not at all.

However distasteful these ideas may be they are logical conclusions of scientific materialism and must be dealt with on their merits. Communism seems dedicated to such a philosophy with singleness of purpose, and from this has grown inevitably its attitude toward economics, ethics, and all other problems of human relations.

In contrast to such a truly monolithic body of doctrine the non-Communist position is confused and divided. We have not yet really made our peace with science, as our opponents have, but are still torn between instinctive loyalty to those traditional values on which Western civilization was founded and an intellectual acceptance of the conclusions that science has reached. Because of the disruptive influence of these newer ideas, especially during the century past, there is no longer a common body of agreement among us such as that which long held Christendom together, no anchor to keep society from drifting nor compass to guide its course. Traditionalists have protested against the loss of standards which undergirded the life of an earlier age, but their voices are rather hoarse today. Discord is evident not only in society but in single lives, for many people have become divided selves with different ideals at different times and doomed to inner disharmony. Man has once again been smitten with a Babel of confusion, not of tongues merely but of far deeper difference.

WE cannot attain harmony among ourselves or offer a powerful alternative to Communism until we find a basic platform of belief on which we all can stand: a platform combining the best fruits of both science and idealism, broad enough to permit a wide variety of minor creeds and preferences but specific enough to provide a basis of unity among us. The fundamental controversy to be settled is not so much our quarrel with the

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Communists as that which rages in our own Western ranks.

To reach such a basis of agreement is evidently a task of the most formidable difficulty. Our spectrum of belief ranges from complete materialism through the various grades of agnosticism, positivism, and humanism to liberal Christianity and thence to the religions of dogma and authority exemplified by Roman Catholicism and Protestant fundamentalism. To achieve uniformity is quite unthinkable, for man is a species that varies far too widely in its innate qualities ever to be cast into a single mold—and how fortunate we are that this is so! But the labors of science now coming abundantly to fruition and the conclusions emerging from the long experience of our race make it certain that many ancient beliefs must be revised or quite abandoned. Philosophical attitudes, however, are often so impregnably buttressed, both by tradition and vested ideological interests, that anyone raising a voice against them is often condemned either as one who is intolerant and would profane sacred things or as a soft-headed betrayer of man's intelligence.

Has not the time come, nevertheless, frankly to admit that the beliefs which rule the lives of most of our race are now hopelessly inadequate to meet the complex problems of a new world? Wisely and courageously but in all tolerance, humility, and good will this fact must be squarely faced. It has been studied so long and earnestly that little new or important can be said about it now, but as a prelude to any program of action we should try to see clearly what are the problems here involved and the obstacles to their solution.

In the construction of such a basis for agreement one first must be clear as to why the philosophical unity of the Western world was so shattered by the rise of modern science. The reasons are familiar enough.

Science challenges the ancient authorities on which so much of Western culture was founded. Chief among these are the great books that constitute our Bible. Their credibility in matters of science was dramatically questioned by the theory of evolution a century ago and is called into question by the whole trend of biological progress since. The other great authority, that of the Church, its scriptural support thus weakened, was likewise greatly shaken.

The old ideas as to the nature of man were seriously challenged also. Our growing scientific knowledge about man offers no evidence that man is an exalted being created in the very image of God and possessed of an immortal soul, but proves him to be descended from the brutes and made in the image of a group of genes. Biological theory further implies that every living thing, man not excluded, is a physico-chemical mechanism—very complex, to be sure, but still a mechanism—and consequently that his possession of freedom or such a thing as a "soul" has no support in science. And as to his future, says Bertrand Russell, "the whole temple of man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the debris of a universe in ruins."

Worse still, man's lofty conception of a God is very difficult to reconcile with that of the rigidly determined mechanical universe which science seems to portray. In such a purposeless system one asks, why is God necessary? What difference could He make? How can He help us? As Professor W. T. Stace has recently said, "We do not live in a universe which is on the side of our values. It is completely indifferent to them."

IF ALL this is so, one well may ask why is not materialism the only defensible position? What basis have we for our belief in freedom, in man's dignity, and in spiritual values generally? Have these not lost any real meaning for intelligent men? Should we not frankly abandon them and be content, our heads unbowed, to follow courageously, if hopelessly, the highest values that we know? One should not underrate the appeal of such a position, for it has a certain desperate dignity. If God has been abandoned, man is left. Though doomed at last to complete obliteration, man is a flame burning in the universal darkness and capable of high thoughts and noble deeds. To feed this flame so as to make life as rich and satisfying as possible seems to the humanists the only worthy goal, and they fight for a better world today, doomed though it may be tomorrow. But to nourish for long on such a belief any culture with ideals like ours seems difficult indeed. One has to admit, I think, that the tougher materialists are more logical and that their philosophy must inevitably move toward a far different end—to pessimism, frustration, and the decay of these great values we so much admire.

Further, if all this is so, what hope is there of raising a standard about which our divided Western world can ever unite in defense of its ancient heritage? Perhaps, indeed, this cannot be accomplished; but there is high hope that it can be, a hope to which not merely soft-headed sentimentalists but many of our clearest minds bear ever increasing witness. Scientific materialism, they maintain, is too simple a philosophy to cope with a universe vastly more complex than it seemed to our grandfathers. To be sure the most certain and indisputable knowledge

(*Continued on page* 38)

"Stop complaining, Harold—all you have to do is write out the check —I'm the one who has to fight my way through the store crowds."

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The Bible. *There are, happily, still a good many people who cherish the notion that Christmas is a religious occasion. Again this year the publishers have provided fine new volumes for those who delight in rereading and retelling the Lord's story. Especially suitable for children are Helen Waddell's "Stories from the Holy Writ" (Macmillan) and Marguerite Northrup's "The Christmas Story as Told by St. Luke and St. Matthew" (Pantheon). Protestants of all ages are apt to agree that Edgar J. Goodspeed's "A Life of Jesus," reviewed below, is one of the finest biographies of Christ ever written. Roman Catholics will be interested in "Jesus Christ: His Life, His Teaching, and His Work," a two-volume study by Ferdinand Prat, S. J. (Bruce), which has already had a notable success in France. The King James version has been skilfully abridged by Roy B. Chamberlin and Herman Feldman in "The Dartmouth Bible" (page 10).*

Great Window on Eternity

A LIFE OF JESUS. By Edgar J. Goodspeed. New York: Harper & Bros. 248 pp. $3.

By HAROLD E. FEY

AT THE age of seventy-nine America's greatest New Testament scholar has published his greatest book. In one sense all that Dr. Goodspeed has written since his first volume appeared in 1902 might be thought of as a preparation for this "A Life of Jesus." That would include his "New Testament: An American Translation," which has sold over a million copies since it came out in 1923. It would take in his other translations; his meticulous studies in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Aramaic; his personal explorations of Biblical lands. This book crowns all the fifty or so volumes he has written or helped write, and it is likely to stand above all he may yet produce because here the resources of a long lifetime of study are brought together to answer history's most crucial questions: Who was Jesus? What do you make of Him?

Lest Dr. Goodspeed's pre-eminence as a scholar should cause anybody to anticipate that his latest volume is another tome of textual criticism it should be said at once that this is nothing of the kind. It is a straightforward, beautifully written narrative —the story of Jesus. Its style is marked with simplicity, vigor, and an unquenchable confidence and happiness which one seldom finds outside the New Testament. It can be read by any person of average intelligence on a winter Sunday, yet it beckons one to return again and again to its luminous and wonderfully moving pages. Its faithfulness to the original accounts contained in the Epistles and Gospels of the New Testament will command the respect of the scholar, while its scholarly-minded concern with all that Jesus did and said will hold the absorbed attention of the ordinary reader.

One can only guess how it happened that the author could rise above the prepossessions of a lifetime of critical study and paint with genuine artistry this portrait of Jesus. Part of the answer may be found in the sovereignty of his subject. In this book, as in the Gospels which are its primary sources, Jesus becomes immediately the center of interest and remains the pivotal figure around which everything revolves. The questions as to how He got there, how we happened to be seeing what He does and hearing what He says, fall into place as interesting but secondary matters. The great and astonishing fact that He is there and acts and speaks is never forgotten. But in this central realization Dr. Goodspeed does not forget the short man standing at the edge of the crowd who also wants to know what is going on. This book represents a genuine triumph of grace, for here Biblical scholarship at least gives the man on the fringe a true account of the magnificent reality that a closeup view reveals. One way in which Dr. Goodspeed may have been helped to do that is suggested by the dedication of this study: "In ever loving memory of Elfleda—1880-1949—who asked me to write this book." His wife of near half a century lives on, and not in his memory only, as its inspiration.

The Public Ministry of Jesus, Dr. Goodspeed believes, lasted a little more than six months, not three years as is generally supposed. It began somewhere on the lower Jordan where He had gone to hear John the Baptist preaching and where He was baptised. "He saw the heavens torn open and the spirit coming down like a dove to take possession of Him. It was doubtless the climax of much religious reflection and experience, but it was nonetheless the great moment, the decisive hour, not only in Jesus's life but in human experience. One man had at last been caught up as no one before into the vision of God, to be His Spokesman, His Chosen, His Beloved, His Son."

Jesus had much in common with the prophets, but they viewed the day of the Lord as a fearful prospect in the coming of His Kingdom as a distant event. Jesus "stands apart from the prophets . . . in this great disclosure: the time has come, the reign of God is among you, repent and believe this good news. For Jesus knew that its good far outweighed its menace of punishment and destruction. His faith in God was such, and His conviction of God's goodness and love was such, that He knew the reign of God in men's hearts on earth meant far more of happiness, usefulness, and joy than all penalty and punishment. His own life was the supreme illustration of what life in the Kingdom of God could be, for it was overflowing with ministries of good will and helpfulness to all about Him. He lived the gospel that He taught and men sometimes wonder which outweighed the other, His life or His teaching."

Jesus's first disciples were also disciples of John. He began preaching in Galilee. After His first major clash with the Pharisees, He chose twelve men to be with Him and began to instruct them. Two more major crises are recorded; then Jesus, still believing, according to Dr. Goodspeed, that His mission might find acceptance, advanced on Jerusalem for His great offensive. "To the last night of His

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life," says the author, "He did not wholly give up the hope of succeeding at Jerusalem and really winning the victory with His people." When His hope faded He got the Disciples together in the Last Supper. "As He had, when first conscious of personal danger up in Galilee, followed Isaiah's example of forming an inner circle of close disciples who might carry on His work if He were taken away, so now again, when the danger is so close at hand, He takes a final step to cement and perpetuate that fellowship. For them at least and their followers He will make the Passover His memorial, their Lord's Supper. . . . Where other men would write a will or a farewell address, He performed an act and charged them with its perpetuation. No wonder it still moves countless hearts to tears."

Here then is a book which is the product of mature Biblical and historical scholarship but is also a trumpet call to faith. Reading it is a religious as well as an educational experience. In the tragic days of this Christmas season it opens again our one great window on eternity and throws a shaft of light illuminating our time and all times.

Since "our final interpretation of history is the most sovereign decision we can make," as Herbert Butterfield says, "and it's clear that every one of us, standing alone in the universe, has to take it for himself" we can be grateful that a life of Jesus lifts us out of our own time of trouble and sets us at the point where the meaning of history becomes crystal clear, if we have faith.

Harold E. Fey is managing editor of The Christian Century *and is, as well, the author of "World Peace and Christian Missions" and "The Churches and the Bases of a Just and Durable Peace."*

THE AUTHOR: It is possible but not very probable that Edgar Johnson Goodspeed could have avoided being a scholar, but he has obviously never resented the pattern set practically from his birth in 1871. His father was the Reverend Thomas Wakefield Goodspeed, one of the small group responsible for founding the University of Chicago in the early 1890's and one of its six incorporators. The young Edgar took his AB at eighteen from Denison University, Ohio, then went on to graduate study at Yale and later to the Divinity School at Chicago, where he specialized in New Testament Greek. In 1898 when he had been invited to become assistant in the New Testament Department at Chicago it was suggested he should first spend two years abroad in study and travel. Among excitements of those two years was his chance to help Petrie, Grenfell, and Hunt unearth famous Greek papyri in Egypt. (He had worked on papyri as a student and has always been fascinated by decipherment. One of his books is a detective story, "The Curse in the Colophon.") He married Elfleda Bond on his return home and in 1902 became an instructor at Chicago. From then his career set a pace and productive creativeness that might leave other men gasping on academic ropes, but he took it in cool, good-natured stride. He has published at the average rate of one book a year—besides innumerable magazine articles! In 1923 when Ernest Burton became Chicago's president Dr. Goodspeed was appointed head of the New Testament Department. That was also the publication year of his best-known book—"The New Testament: An American Translation." In 1937 he "retired," but the productivity went right on. He now lives near the Los Angeles campus of the University of California, where his course "The Founding of Christianity" is a summer session feature. When the University of Chicago Press invited him to make the Testament translation he was all set to decline; but Mrs. Goodspeed suggested gently that he should think well before saying no. "What a mistake I would have made, but for her counsel!" he says. And it was she who suggested the present book. It is his chief regret that "A Life of Jesus" was not completed before her death, but he is glad that she had seen it begun. He shrank from the task for "it is a serious test to reconstruct the *figure* of Jesus; so often in biography the two-pint biographer tries to contain the ten-gallon character. Who can be equal to grasping Jesus? His life cannot be written—yet we must try to write it as best we can. It had to be written with emotion, if at all, though also it must be critically based. But if any reader is half as moved as I was by writing it—I'll be satisfied."

—K. S.

A Layman's Bible

THE DARTMOUTH BIBLE: An Abridgment of the King James Version, With Aids to Its Understanding as History and Literature, and as a Source of Religious Experience. By Roy B. Chamberlin and Herman Feldman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1189 pp. $7.50.

By Thomas Sugrue

SOME twelve years ago on the campus at Dartmouth College a professor of industrial relations named Herman Feldman was enduring an experience which is common among intelligent laymen throughout the Christian world; he was trying, with the aid of what books he could find in the libraries available to him and with what time he would spare from his job and what intelligence he naturally possessed, to acquaint himself with the Bible and to come to an understanding of its history, its background, its relation to the period in which its action took place, and the nature and genius of its content. He was discovering, as do all laymen who undertake this task, that what in the beginning seemed like a pleasant exercise of the mind, demanding no more than attention and time, was actually a puzzle more complex than the labyrinth of Crete.

The book itself—its length, its confused chronology, its unfamiliar references, its curious arrangement—was a formidable obstacle; but beyond this there were snares and delusions laid by scholars, theologians, historians, copyists, and pious meddlers. The books of comment and interpretation which were not so learned as to drive an uninformed person to despair were so slanted in favor of one or another denominational point of view as to give an honest man the notion that the Bible's message was one of schism and strife. Dr. Feldman, patient and objective, made slow headway, and as he went along he began to think of an edition of the Bible which would do for other interested laymen what he was doing for himself. In 1938 he found that a colleague of his, Dr. Roy B. Chamberlin, was also of the opinion that a Bible for the intelligent layman was badly needed. Dr. Chamberlin, who was chaplain to the college, had scholastic training and research background in the subject and very soon he and Dr. Feldman were collaborating on what, after ten years of intensive work, emerged as the "Dartmouth Bible." Shortly after the job was finished Dr. Feldman died on a tennis court at the college, and Dr. Chamberlin was left

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to see the book through the press. It is now in the bookstores, an accomplishment so commendable, so needed, and so successfully carried out that both men deserve the praise and the thanks of everyone who cares at all about the collection of stories, poems, songs, legends, and wise remarks which has fathered our Western civilization and mothered our Christian religion.

It is not, of course, a new translation of the Bible; it is the King James version, with the Apochrypha added and the entire story, from Genesis to Revelation, cut in half by a process of expert and judicious editing. What has been eliminated is for the most part those portions which are repetitious or of interest only to scholars and specialists; what remains is the clear stream of narrative, exposition, and didacticism which make this greatest of literary creations the treasure and the inspiration it is, has been, and always will be. The chapters and verses are arranged as they should be for intelligent reading, and the poetry is set in verse form. The story of Jesus is one continued narrative; the prophets are in chronological order; the proverbs are treated as an anthology. There are notes at the end of the books and chapters—sensible, helpful notes. There is a list of books which will help the layman who wants to go on with further study; there is unostentatious identification of all the material according to the chapter and verse markings in orthodox editions.

It is, all in all, just what Dr. Feldman and Dr. Chamberlin wanted and what every Christian layman needs; it is a Bible which informs and instructs without interfering with the flow of information, inspiration, wisdom, knowledge, mysticism, and beauty which comes continuously from the pages of Deuteronomy, Kings, the Psalms, Isaiah, and the stories of Tobit and Judith. The biggest hole in the average man's culture today is his ignorance of the Bible; this edition will fill that hole, and fill it well. If Santa Claus were to dump everything from his bag this Christmas and fill it instead with copies of the "Dartmouth Bible" everyone would get what he wants and needs, and this twenty-fifth of December would be the most religious since a night in Bethlehem on the fourth year before the Christian Era.

Thomas Sugrue, who has long been a student of the Bible as living literature, is the author of "Such Is the Kingdom," "There Is a River," "Stranger in the Earth," and other books.

Asia. *Japan, China, India, Siam, Tibet—time was when these were lands of romance, the gossamer out of which men aching to get away from it all spun their daydreams. But for the past decade, and most poignantly during the past six months, Asia has seemed to most of us a continent pregnant with trouble. The writers of the memoirs reviewed below went to Asia for a mixture of reasons: the Americans, Lowell Thomas, Jr. ("Out of This World: Across the Himalayas to Forbidden Tibet"), Graham Peck ("Two Kinds of Time") and John Nicholls Booth ("Fabulous Destinations") mostly for adventure and a good journalistic story; the Englishwoman Ursula Graham Bower ("Drums Behind the Hill") for excitement and anthropological data, and the Indian Santha Rama Rau ("East of Home") to learn about the aspirations of her own people. The five books also provide insight into the conundrum currently puzzling the West.*

Ambassadors sans Protocol

OUT OF THIS WORLD: Across the Himalayas to Forbidden Tibet. By Lowell Thomas, Jr., New York: The Greystone Press. 320 *pp.* $3.75.

By James Hilton

"THOSE who from the outer world have gained entrance to Tibet and made real journeys in the country still form a select and notable body of men." This statement, made by a British explorer and geographer half a century ago, is no less true today. Tibetan travelers *are* an elite, and if they tell the facts it is hardly possible for them to write a bad book. Lowell Thomas, Jr., who visited Tibet last year with his father, has written a good one called "Out of This World"

Lowell Thomas Jr.—"frankly sightseeing viewpoint."

—not only a good one but in a way a sad one also, for from the way things now look he might well have subtitled it "The Last Time I Saw Lhasa."

The Thomases took the usual route from India, through Gangtok, Yatung, and Gyantse—three hundred miles across the highest mountain ridges on earth. They traveled, of course, on horseback along narrow trails, for Tibet has no roads, railroads, or airways. What made their trip remarkable was that they had been invited officially by the Tibetan Government—whereas previous travelers had so often had to sneak into the country under disguises. The Thomases were fully aware of their good fortune and somewhat incredulous about it. Why had such an exception been made in their case? The conclusion reached (and a plausible one) was that the Tibetan authorities already feared the encroachment of Chinese Communism and were anxious to make some gesture that might enlist American sympathies.

Thus when the Thomases arrived in Lhasa they were treated like diplomats, but being journalists at heart they stuck to protocol as little as possible and did things no diplomat would have thought of. To begin with they had brought with them a battery-driven apparatus from CBS which enabled them to make recordings of ritual chanting in a lamasery, Tibetan boat songs, a festival play, and so on. They also had a good camera and took the first color photographs ever made of the Dalai Lama and other dignitaries. These, together with many other illustrations both in color and black-and-white, make "Out of This World" undoubtedly the most vivid presentation of Tibet that the

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—Photo by Lowell Thomas, Jr., from "Out of This World."

The Dalai Lama — "his palace is two-thirds the height of the Empire State Building."

Western world has had. The luck of the Thomases in being able to add modern techniques to an official blessing is something that could not have happened before.

Though Tibet is a "forbidden" and mysterious country a great deal is known about it; indeed, one might almost say that never in the history of human exploration has so much been written by so few. Thus the frankly sightseeing viewpoint is welcome after the careful reports of professional explorers and archeologists; it is exciting to learn that the Dalai Lama's great palace, the Potala, is two-thirds the height of the Empire State Building, but more exciting still to realize, from photographs, how astonishingly modern this tremendous building looks—zoned backward as a present-day American architect might design it yet built three centuries ago.

Another fascination is the account the Thomases give of a few Westerners who somehow or other have managed to reach Lhasa and be accepted there by the Tibetans. Two Austrians, for instance, escaped from a British POW camp in India during the recent war, crossed the Himalayas, and after incredible mishaps and adventures made their way finally to Lhasa in midwinter over a 19,000-foot pass, the Guring-La. (Imagine something a mile higher than the summit of Mount Whitney—yet only a pass between ranges!) Evidently the Tibetans were impressed, for the two escapees were allowed to stay in Lhasa, where they presumably still are.

"Out of This World" is simply and likably written, the best way to come to terms with its fabulous subject; and the tension of the return trip, during which Lowell Thomas, Sr., was thrown by his horse and severely injured, conveys (probably unconsciously) a very warm relationship between father and son. When they reached America the son delivered a message from the Lhasa authorities to President Truman, handwritten in Tibetan characters with a bamboo pen on parchment; dated September 7, 1949, it expressed a wish that the people of America would soon come to know more about Tibet, and especially to know that it is a holy, independent, and peace-loving country. Perhaps in the Asia of today these come under the heading of famous last words.

Some years ago James Hilton wrote a novel about Tibet, "Lost Horizon," later a grade-A film.

Asia in Its Own Terms

EAST OF HOME. By Santha Rama Rau. New York: Harper & Bros. 303 *pp.* $3.

By NAYANTARA SAHGAL

SINCE the Western hemisphere has become the more powerful one the general tendency has been for all events and attitudes to be interpreted in its terms. What the West cannot understand about the other half of the world has been labeled mystical and obscure. The Western nations have not considered it necessary to learn the language of their colonies or to try to understand them in any real sense. It is time now for a change. Asia no longer begs to be understood. Events are such that Asia *must* be understood and understood in its own language and on its own terms, for on this understanding depends the peace of the future and good will between Asia and the rest of the world. This is the message of Miss Rama Rau's book.

"East of Home" is the evidence of an Asian on Asia. It is the story of Miss Rama Rau's travels through Japan, China, Indo-China, Siam, and Indonesia with a group of her friends. It paints a gay and vivid picture of local customs and conditions in the various countries visited. This in itself makes for attractive reading, but more absorbing than this is the manner in which the feelings of the people emerge from the incidents related. Traveling through Asia Miss Rama Rau discovers that while the Western world has penetrated the East politically and economically its influence on the lives and minds of Asians has been superficial. The East remains fundamentally unaffected by and deeply resentful of attempts to dominate it.

In conversations with the people she meets in different walks of life, she comes across the same theme over and over again: Asia wants the freedom to decide its own political fate. It is willing to learn but not to be taught. To be literate is desirable but one must be literate in one's own language first, in others afterwards. Democracy, too, is a good thing, but it cannot be imposed by a conquering nation, no matter how well-intentioned that nation may be. The West has gone to Asia as a teacher with the desire to convert. It must now assume the role of student if it would win the confidence of Asians.

Much of Miss Rama Rau's book is devoted to the cultural activities of the countries she has visited. She finds that despite the harrassing after-

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effects of war and the day-to-day problems of survival that dominate most Eastern countries, cultural activity flourishes. Dance and drama continue with all the splendor that only ancient traditions can lend to art. Political freedom is for Asians (as perhaps for other peoples) not an end in itself; it is a step toward cultural renascence. Japan and China, both war-racked countries, retain an ardent interest in the theatre. But Siam and Bali, comparatively peaceful and prosperous, provide examples of what Asians do with their leisure. For them dance is a most natural medium of expression. In Bali particularly this is so. To be able to dance well is an accomplishment, but to be able to dance at all is a requirement—just as in Europe it was once essential that every educated person speak French. In the West art is approached academically and is subjected to a great deal of criticism and explanation; in Asia it is a part of the people's lives, and to be an artist is the normal rather than the extraordinary occurrence. As a Balinese explained to one of Miss Rama Rau's traveling companions, "In the West you cannot understand your own art because your artists are always the people who cannot fit normally into their society."

This book is delightful reading because it relates a fascinating adventure story. It also enables one to see Asia as a whole, showing that Asians share a similar outlook in many respects. But its main value lies in the fact that an Asian writes about Asia. Much has been written about the East by foreigners. Here is a book by as Asian who since she has lived and been educated in the West has the advantages of both points of view. In this age of an Asian renascence Miss Rama Rau's account is both interesting and vital.

Nayantara Sahgal is the daughter of Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, Indian Ambassador to the United States.

—From "Two Kinds of Time."

The Dusty Roads of China

TWO KINDS OF TIME. By Graham Peck. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 725 pp. $4.

By Robert Payne

IN THE days when he lived in a small house near the Forbidden City in Peking Graham Peck was already something of a legend. He looked like a bland monkey, he could drink most Chinese under the table, he had traveled on foot through Mongolia, he knew a couple of living Buddhas intimately, he possessed an amazing sense of draftsmanship in his drawings, and he belonged, they said, to one of the more secret missionary orders of American intelligence. Now the secret is out. Most of the things we guessed at are proved to be true, but something else of considerable importance is now added. He has shown himself to be a writer of very real stature.

Fresh out of Yale Graham Peck went to China and decided to make China his career. In those early days he wrote a book called "Through China's Wall," an odd, oblique title, for though he dislodged a few bricks and blew a little dust off the wall there was not much evidence that he did anything else. That garrulous hodge-podge of a book was not rewarding. As though to make amends the present work, jam-packed with anecdotes, incidents, observations, theories, portraits, drawings, obscene jokes, quiet jokes, terrifying jokes, even ordinary jokes, has everything to commend it. It bursts at the seams, but so does "Gargantua and Pantagruel." He has not written the modern Chinese "Gargantua" but he has done the nearest thing to it. Though he has no sense of order—no one with an orderly mind could keep it for long in China—he has advantages possessed by few American travelers in China. He writes with color, with a muscular line, and with a strenuous enjoyment of the people who come to life under his pen; unlike most of the reporters who have reported China for us, he knew Chinese well enough to talk with farmers and get on famously with them. This is important. Too many foreigners in China know no Chinese and receive all their information at second-hand. But this is first-hand stuff, all the fresher because it describes things seen and felt by someone who could think and feel and see and talk like a Chinese.

Mostly the book tells the stories of the farmers, but Peck also tells the stories of generals, students, society women, ruffians, squeezers, pimps, and opium-smokers perhaps even better. He does not say much about the Kuomintang officials, but there is enough. Here and there, emerging out of the shadows or eerily provoking attention to themselves, are those strange corrupt creatures who were trusted by the State Department for no better reason than that the Department was profoundly ignorant of how corruptly they wielded their power and how unrepresentative they were. Peck shows how they floundered into the abyss with their eyes open, dedicated to suicide by virtue of their love of gold bars. He tells some stories about the Chiangs and H. H. Kung which might, should they ever read the book, make them wish they were dead, and he shows with what sinister passion they led America to share their defeat. He shows, too, the immaturity and the terrifying innocence of the Americans when they came unprepared; and he explains that if the State Department had not decided upon intervention there might have been no Communist victory at all.

But all this is subsidiary to the main theme. On a huge canvas of 725 crowded pages Graham Peck has portrayed the China he knows. It is done with tremendous gusto. The sights and smells of Chungking, Kweilin, Kunming, Loyang, and half a hundred other places come to life in the book. We come to know the people the author meets, and since he must have met more people than any other foreigner in China the results are rewarding. Some of the stories are so accurately told that they pass beyond credibility. The story concerning Professor Winter, Robert Drummond, and an ape, for example, can be vouched for, but I am dubious concerning all the implications of another story about the society beauty he calls, for unfathomable reasons, Iris. But he rarely shapes his stories—they come too living on the page—and when he says a leopard walked into his bedroom in Chungking, this must be taken as fact. Such incidents are incidental. He is not really concerned with apes, leopards, or society beauties. Most of all he is concerned with the dust and the heat, the perfect beauty of the Chinese landscape, and the heroism of the anonymous Chinese soldiers who went down dusty roads and died uncomplainingly for something they never understood. It is all here. Graham Peck has done it well; and his book must be read.

Recently Robert Payne published a novel, "The Young Emperor" and a biography of "Mao Tse-tung: Ruler of Red China."

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Naga Queen

DRUMS BEHIND THE HILL. By Ursula Graham Bower. New York: William Morrow & Co. 270 pp. $4.

By J. G. Hitrec

PUT DOWN Ursula Graham Bower's new book as one of the least opinionated and most refreshing accounts of Life among the Aborigines in the recent crop. It may prove to you what you have always suspected—that there is still a lot of adventure to be tapped in this contracting world and that the best approach is the direct one: going out to look for it.

Miss Bower's primitives are the Nagas, a head-hunting tribe in the hills of Assam on the Burma frontier—where the yearly rainfall can be 400 inches! She had once casually met some of them on a visit to friends in India and had fallen in love with them. "It was as though I had rediscovered a world to which I had belonged the whole time; from which, by some accident, I had been estranged," she admits unabashedly somewhere in the first chapter. "I wanted nothing now but the lovely, wild reality of mountain and jungle. I was going back if it killed me, and I couldn't give one sane reason why."

The Assam authorities at first shied at giving permission, but they gave in eventually though with poor grace. In 1939, at the age of twenty-five, she went to live in the Naga Hills, trekking from range to range, photographing and making notes of all she saw, gradually winning the trust of the tribe, and earning among the Europeans the facetious title "the Naga Queen." It was a crowded life even before the Japanese brought war right into those hills. The rice festival was barely over when there was the bull chase, in which the Naga youths establish their manhood by running a maddened steer to a stop. There was the building of ancestral graves, for which a hundred men dragged huge monoliths over the mountain spurs. Sometimes a leopard would sneak into a village and must be chased away. Epidemics developed, in which the first crude sulphas came out second best beside the tribal magic.

The Naga society was not complex; yet the unsanctioned elopement of one of its women could stir up quite as much trouble as a Helen of Troy. But within its area the tribe was self-governing, and the village elders usually settled the problem without recourse to the authorities, who on the whole found it wise not to meddle. Miss Bower herself preferred to help and participate rather than stand in judgment, since helping was more fun.

Before long she was being regarded as the sister and the mother of the Nagas and was even identified with a legendary tribal heroine. Then the Japs overran Burma and strained the idyl.

In 1942 the British Fourteenth Army and "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell's Americans withdrew into India. Their trail wound over the Naga Hills. Assam might have been lost, but the rainy season arrived providentially. It was about that time that the British organized the Nagas and the neighboring tribes into a scouting force called Watch and Ward. Miss Bower's role in this most improbable of all sideshows in the SEAC theatre was a considerable one, although she does her best to minimize it in her book. Spotting the Jap patrols, checking the brisk spy traffic, rescuing Allied airmen bailed out over the jungle were some of the many jobs of the Watch and Ward until the danger passed.

After the war Miss Bower was made a member of the Order of the British Empire, and her Nagas were rewarded. She might have stayed on in the hills, but this was botched by Operation Butterfly—as quaint and sly a marriage coup as only a British colonel could think of. Miss Bower married her colonel, and at this stage the reader will not bat an eyelid on being told that the wedding had to be solemnized once more in a full-dress Naga ceremony.

"Drums Behind the Hill" opens a little uncertainly in a welter of feminine-sounding patronymics and outlandish geography, and the pair of vague maps in the text are no help whatever—but don't be put off by that. (An account of New England would be just as tough on a Naga.) From then on the spell grows and grows. Miss Bower's good humor and enthusiasm are infectious. You will enjoy her story and perhaps understand something of the fascination which the rarefied air of the Naga country had for her. Most of all you will envy her, for here is someone who has had the un-Freudian notion of seeking romance away from her own kind and whose enterprise paid off in rare wonder and adventure.

J. G. Hitrec is the author of several novels of India, including "Sun of the Moon" and, to be published shortly, "Angel of Gaiety."

Far East Potpourri

FABULOUS DESTINATIONS. By John Nicholls Booth. New York: The Macmillan Co. 239 pp. $3.50.

By Carleton B. Rand

SHORTLY after the last war, a young minister in Chicago decided to see for himself what was going on in the Far East. His wanderlust was greater than his means, but the *Chicago Sun-Times* agreed that it might accept an occasional dispatch, and that was all the encouragement needed. "Fabulous Destinations" is the account of that trip, a whirlwind series of episodes and interviews. The itinerary reads like a Cook's tour of Asia—Japan, China, the Philippines, Siam, Malaya, and India—but the author spurned the green tea and backscratchers for more hazardous sight-seeing.

John Nicholls Booth is a man of many parts: theologian, writer, lecturer, photographer, magician. His sleight-of-hand baffled Emperor Hirohito's son and the Prime Minister of Siam, but it would have taken more than legerdemain to extricate him from some of the perils he barely avoided. The most serious difficulties he encountered were usually the result of Communist mischief, but when he wasn't dodging Reds he managed to run into typhoons, earthquakes, and Oriental skulduggery with breathtaking regularity.

Inevitably, a potpourri of travel experiences makes for uneven reading with some chapters more exciting than others; among the best in this one are an account of running the Red blockade to Mukden and one on British jungle warfare in Malaya. The exposure of the rope-trick hoax and a short piece on the ways of dictators are considerably less interesting. But there is nothing phlegmatic about the author. The reader is led to expect so much derring-do that he feels slightly cheated when Mr. Booth returns from Tibet without having made the classical attempt to see forbidden Lhasa in disguise.

Many of these adventures are startlingly reminiscent of the late Richard Halliburton's; some, such as climbing Fujiyama by night, are identical. One is frequently reminded of Halliburton's zest for the unorthodox and his uncanny knack of being in the midst of trouble. But before the old-timers start to drool it should be pointed out that where Mr. Booth was merely a spectator Halliburton was usually the cause of the trouble.

As a writer Mr. Booth has difficulty avoiding clichés, but perhaps this may be excused in the face of his un-

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The FBI Controversy: Two Views

I: "A Wholesome Thing"

By James Lawrence Fly

THIS book has been long overdue. The very idea that the top law enforcement agency is above public scrutiny, public criticism, and above the law itself is repugnant to the fundamental principles of our democracy. This myth has been subtly built up through the years, and the coercive force to protect it has been thoroughgoing and ruthless. The mere publication of a responsible criticism of the FBI is a wholesome thing. That the volume was written by such a scholarly, studious, careful, and courageous author as Max Lowenthal is more than fortunate.

Yet one vital chapter is incomplete. Those of us who are deeply concerned about freedom of speech—the right of the citizen to say his piece—would have appreciated an extension of the chapter The Bureau Castigates Its Critics under the broadening title of "Suppression by Smear." The striking example is in the early news coverage of Lowenthal's work, for here was not the answer on the merits, but the studied tinting in pink. This avoidance of the merits and the deliberate smearing of loyal citizens who dare to raise their voices is an old and familiar technique of the FBI. So habitual is this destructive process that even in writing a response to articles by two Yale professors, John Edgar Hoover used the same paint brush.

Generally the smear is applied by indirection and in that way more effectively. Winchell is ordinarily available. Thus when it was erroneously assumed that a certain former chairman of the FCC (this writer) had joined in a communication to the Congress against wire-tapping, Winchell came out with the false statement that this man was heading a syndicate to get Mr. Hoover removed; this was followed by a smear from the director's files in the double false statement that the former chairman had refused to permit the FBI to examine the finger prints of leftist unions. This was a deliberate injury to a loyal person of standing. Even if, per contra, it had been true it had utterly nothing to do with the FBI's illegal practice of wire-tapping. When this same citizen later did originate a petition to investigate wire-tapping the same misleading materials went to a close friend of Mr. Hoover on the Washington *Times-Herald*, and he wielded the paint brush. Charles Horsky, prominent Washington attorney, who was active in handling the petition was also given a generous smearing. Secretary Acheson even got this loyalty daub, for after all was not he a partner of both Charles Horsky and Alger Hiss's brother? True to form just after these lines were written, Winchell broadcast (on November 26) that Communist bookstores are featuring this book. This writer's files would have afforded Mr. Lowenthal ample documentation for "Suppression by Smear," and it should have been written.

The injury to citizens who dare to speak is regrettable. That there can be such a coercive force concentrated and tolerated in our national law enforcement agency is nothing short of ominous to a race of free men. That these smears represent Hoover himself is made clear in the chapter entitled The Bureau Castigates Its Critics. Here, time and again, are his words; wrapping himself in the cloak of purity he says the "FBI is respected by the good citizens of America" and its critics are "the scum of the underworld, conspiring Communists . . . fellow travelers."

Yet that is one reason why this book is important; for Lowenthal has

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THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION. By Max Lowenthal. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 559 pp. $4.50.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Max Lowenthal's "The Federal Bureau of Investigation" is one of the most controversial books of the season; it has already been the subject of front-page newspaper dispatches from Washington. The accompanying two reviews debate the merits of the book. James Lawrence Fly, who is sympathetic, is a member of the New York law firm of Fly, Fitts, and Shuebruk and was chairman of the Federal Communications Commission from 1939 to 1944. N. J. L. Pieper, who is critical of the Lowenthal volume, is vice president of the National Surety Corporation, New York City. A lawyer by training, Mr. Pieper served with the FBI from 1934 to 1945 and headed the San Francisco division during World War II.*

II: "Prejudiced Smear"

By N. J. L. Pieper

BIASED, slanted, and patently prejudiced, Max Lowenthal's book is a base smear. It is the antithesis of "an objective picture of the FBI" by an author "conservative in the most profound sense" as heralded by his publishers.

Belaboring the FBI for imaginary violations of civil liberties for its alleged failure to protect the American people from spies, saboteurs, and criminals Lowenthal would have his readers believe the FBI and its director, J. Edgar Hoover, guilty of dire acts, either by omission or commission. In his treatment of the FBI the author employs the technique of selecting quotes from public sources which best suit his own purpose but ignore the real record of the FBI and its accomplishments — accomplishments so sound and extensive that even the most prejudiced FBI-hater would admit them to be above question or reproach.

Lowenthal devotes two-thirds of his book to the Department of Justice's Investigative Unit from 1908 through 1924. This is all before Mr. Hoover became director. Yet Lowenthal implies that the activities of these years were chargeable to Mr. Hoover and G-men of present-day stature.

Lowenthal's misuse of numerous quotations from a great variety of sources—speeches, congressional committee hearings, and news clips—would have one believe that here is a factual picture of the FBI. Lowenthal must know that his tricky placement of material out of context, omissions of qualifying sentences or statements, even his padded reference pages, have had to be so presented to get over an implication where truth would not sustain his insinuations and accusations.

To answer the distortions of fact, half truths, false representations and inaccuracies in the book would require a new book. Let us, however, consider briefly the following examples.

Lowenthal dwells at great length on the Palmer raids, attempting to create the false impression that Mr. Hoover was responsible. A Senate Judiciary Committee absolved Mr. Hoover of any responsibility. Attorney General Harlan Stone, later Chief Justice, was one of the first to denounce the Palmer raids. It will be

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recalled that the Palmer raids occurred in 1919-1920. Mr. Hoover was then only a special assistant to the Attorney General and was not assigned to the Bureau until 1921. He was named director by Attorney General Stone in 1924. Had he felt that Mr. Hoover was accountable for the raids it is hard to conceive that the late Chief Justice Stone would have named him director as he did.

Criticism of the manner in which arrests were made in the Detroit recruiting groups of Spanish loyalists gets considerable space. Notably omitted, however, is Attorney General (now Justice) Jackson's statement after investigation that the FBI had violated no civil liberties.

There is perhaps no greater authority on civil liberties in this country than Morris L. Ernst, who has appeared as counsel for the Civil Liberties Union in many important cases. One need but read Mr. Ernst's article published in the December *Reader's Digest* to see why Lowenthal avoids quoting this authoritative source.

Lowenthal makes a cheap implication when he holds out that the FBI wants to tap wires because it is too lazy to do its investigative work. He cites a California kidnaping. The facts here are clear in my mind. I was responsible for handling this case. The kidnaper was apprehended and the child was returned unharmed, because no single effort was spared. I asked Mr. Hoover for authority to monitor the telephone. Mr. Hoover went immediately to Attorney General Jackson. Here is the *Congressional Record* quoting Representative Hobbs of Alabama: "Our great Attorney General did not hesitate. He immediately authorized the interception of the call. He assumed full responsibility."

Should the possibility of a solution by wire-tapping have been ignored in this case? Would a parent agree with Lowenthal? He makes so much of wire-tapping. Let us consider it. The FBI does not make policy; its

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G.B.S. *Almost the same editions of the newspapers which announced the death of George Bernard Shaw on November 2 brought an announcement from Harper's that within a week they would be publishing Hesketh Pearson's "G.B.S.: A Postscript," the book reviewed below by Jacques Barzun. Partial explanation for this uncommon speed lies in the fact that the volume is made up of material originally gathered for Mr. Pearson's 1942 "G.B.S.: A Full Length Portrait" and excised at Shaw's insistence. But for half a century Shaw has been such a lively subject that no matter when he chose to die some about-to-be-published book would have served as an obituary. The current season has brought two other Shavian books: Edmund Fuller's "George Bernard Shaw: Critic of Western Morale" and Alick West's Marxist-eye view, "George Bernard Shaw: A Good Man Among the Fabians." William Irvine, a distinguished Shaw biographer himself, reviews the latter books on the next page.*

Last Years of a Great Doer

G. B. S.: A Postscript. By Hesketh Pearson. New York: Harper & Bros. 137 pp. $2.75.

By Jacques Barzun

WE can never, presumably, know too much about a great man, especially about a great artist. Shaw was both, and we shall miss him in both roles, if only because he taught us so much about each. The obituaries in the press forgot to say this when they chose to dwell on his merits as one of the first experts in public relations. Looking around now that he is gone, one sees but one other creator of his stature—Charlie Chaplin, and *he* is never discursive. He is what the press tried to make of Shaw, solely a "character".

Mr. Pearson's conscientious little book should therefore be received as a positive good. It consists largely of passages written for his biography of eight years ago but omitted at Shaw's request. Mr. Pearson visited Shaw many times and took instant notes. He handles dialogue convincingly; and having the modern journalist's rudimentary respect for fact he has been at pains to compare various versions of the anecdotes he retails. Besides, he feels a kind of devotion to Shaw, or perhaps I should say an attachment, for it sometimes resembles the relation of leech to patient. But on that very account it often draws real blood and shows that the subject is living.

The habitual reader of Shaw will consequently want to add this small volume to his shelf for the good stories, whether genuine or merely apposite, that it contains, as well as for the accounts of the last years and the deathbed scene. Here a note of ghoulish poetry is unintentionally struck. Mr. Pearson's last words about Shaw are: " . . . and early in the morning of November 2, 1950, he fell asleep forever." But the finished book in which these words appear was on the reviewer's desk, all bound and ticketed, on the morning of November 10. This laudable speed tells a great deal about our accustomed way of dealing with artists. They begin in futility—Shaw wrote eight comedies before he heard a laugh—and they end as industries with all of us hitching our wagonettes to the star that shines even beyond the grave.

For all this, of course, Mr. Pearson is not to be held responsible; it is the common form. But he also shares the deplorable common view of biography, and for this I am inclined to consider him quite responsible. Already in his full-length portrait of 1942 he had ignored the contradiction which he repeats here—of believing Shaw to be the greatest English dramatist since Shakespeare while saying that he is no artist and will outlive his works. The flattering implication for the biographer is that he is a Boswell, preserving the fugitive genius of the great Cham—actually Sham.

But the fact is that in literature no one outlives his work by virtue of being Boswellized. It is foolish to pretend, as some do, that Dr. Johnson is not read. He is read as a critic and ranks among the greatest in that craft. It is not true that Voltaire lives by "Candide" alone, or Swift by Gulliver, however popular these works are. In one sense no classic is read: one sees few straphangers clutching their

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Gibbon in six volumes. But the classics are read enough to remain classics, and Shaw will be one of them despite Mr. Pearson's affectation of scorn for Fabian politics and for plays which he thinks lacking in human emotion. In the last four years the New York stage has been kept lively by means of dramas already half a century old: the work of Shaw and Henry James. It was obviously the inherent pull of genius and not any sentiment for a pair of nineteenth-century back numbers that drew money out of managers and audiences. So Mr. Pearson's prophecies are this very minute out of date.

What is worse is his inability to form an idea of what a great man is and stick to it. Mr. Pearson fears idolatry, falsely supposing that it comes in only one price and quality; and he thinks that its antidote, "being critical," consists in disbelief. So he produces piece after piece of literalism such as: "Shaw at forty-four could still recall that he had built castles in the air, writing to Ellen Terry . . . : 'I have pitched so many dreams out of the window that one more or less makes little difference.' But at the age of eighty-four he informed me, 'I never had any dreams about the theatre. It was the Green Room Club and the West End managers who dreamt. I was wide awake all the time.' " The two statements are of course entirely compatible, and one is sorry to have to smile at the author's smiling at Shaw. Before the end of such stories, however, facile skepticism fails, and Mr. Pearson handsomely asserts that Shaw was remarkably accurate about the multitudinous main facts of his life.

There remains the matter of Shaw's silly or mechanical replies to questions. The world is familiar with this type of banter in news form but it forgets, possibly, the provocation. Mr. Pearson is a Shaw-baiter *in excelsis*, which should be the privilege of the biographer only when he uses it for important ends. The corresponding privilege of the great man is to be allowed to talk nonsense like the rest of us, to be allowed all the impatience he needs to keep sane, and to answer fools according to their folly when that seems less wearing than either of the other modes of self-protection. We shall really know nothing about greatness, nor about the conditions of biography until a man of Mr. Pearson's high caliber is chosen *as subject* by, let us say, the intelligent doorman of his apartment house. Then we shall see how Talent and Intelligence (as distinct from Genius) stand up under the battering of eager curiosity, and how they look when translated into the emotional and spiritual categories

Hesketh Pearson—
"Shaw-baiter *in excelsis*."

of an intelligence some grades farther down.

Mr. Pearson would of course say—he does say—that there is a uniform human quality which makes us all kin, and in virtue of which he passes easy judgments on his hero. Granted a common humanity, what it means for criticism has never, to my knowledge, been defined. I am hardly convinced of its power to make things clear and cozy when Mr. Pearson tells us that he would give half of Shakespeare's plays for a few facts about his life. I refuse to give Mr. Pearson my power-of-attorney for this deal; not only do I want all of Shakespeare's works, but even if I didn't I couldn't be sure, after the remarks on Shaw, that Mr. Pearson would not hand over the wrong half.

And speaking of knowledge of human beings I wonder what the medicos will say to the extraordinary statement attributing Shaw's final relapse to the fact that "his prostate gland had failed." Shaw would have enjoyed the implicit joke that he had any but a permissive use for that organ in a respectable hospital. And so we may leave him, affectionately amused one last time; for the remaining days of his inactivity were, in his own word, Hell. He died, fortunately, in peace and so rejoined that communion of the great doers which he had authoritatively described in "Man and Superman" as Heaven.

Jacques Barzun, professor of history at Columbia University, is author of "Darwin, Marx, Wagner," "Berlioz and the Romantic Century," and other books. Mr. Barzun is at work on a volume of Farrar, Straus's new Great Letters Series.

The Paradox Lingers On

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: Critic of Western Morale. By Edmund Fuller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 116 *pp.* $2.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: A Good Man Among the Fabians. By Alick West. New York: International Publishers. 172 *pp.* $2.

By William Irvine

SHAW is a formidable subject. He labored sixty years to make himself so and critics and scholars have labored nearly as long to make him still more so. To try to summarize him in 116 pages, even for "the intelligent layman," is a perilous adventure; perhaps Edmund Fuller should have said his prayers a bit longer before embarking. He has solved his problem partly by explaining complexities away, partly by ignoring them, and partly, one suspects, by allowing himself to remain ignorant of their existence.

He begins by declaring that Shaw has had great impact, but no influence, on the modern world; that indeed great men of ideas have never influenced practical affairs. This thesis, which certainly contains a grain of truth, encourages Mr. Fuller largely to pass over the economic and political writings. Unfortunately, Shavian economics are very closely related to Shavian drama. To devote a half-dozen hurried sentences to Fabianism and nearly a dozen leisurely pages to medicine, marriage, and the family is a little disproportionate to Shaw's own emphasis. Later on in the book politics come into their own, but Shaw's later opinions are not very comprehensible without reference to his earlier ones. Mr. Fuller also seems to take the Life Force too seriously. Apparently it furnishes a basis both for sound practical morals and for genuine religious experience—a view with which I believe few authorities on Shaw or on religion would concur.

Mr. Fuller discusses nearly all the plays, some with a paragraph of summary, others with several pages of analysis. These discussions, while neither startling nor exhaustive, do frequently exhibit a refreshing forthrightness and common sense. With regard to "Candida," he writes that Marchbanks "is so overdrawn that the 'conflict' with Morell loses any convincing semblance of reality. Hence, except on the most sentimentally romantic premise, the young poet is insignificant and Candida herself becomes no more than an idle and vain woman with nothing better to do than embarrass a busy husband by cradle-snatching. This extreme view com-

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mended itself to prim Beatrice Webb, who asserted that Candida was 'simply a woman of bad character.'"

This leaves much unexplained about Marchbanks, Candida, and the play in general. Nevertheless, it is a vigorous statement of a very sensible point of view. Mr. Fuller would have found "Major Barbara" less puzzling if he had borne in mind Shaw's latent and intermittent Marxism.

Scholars will not learn anything from this book, but laymen may well set it down, after two pleasant hours, with the feeling that they have easily passed in review the masterpieces of a bewildering and paradoxical author.

* * *

"George Bernard Shaw: A Good Man Fallen Among Fabians" is a book fated to be written, and Alick West has written it with insight and imagination, but not—by an equal fatality—with moderation and detachment. His thesis is that the real dramatic interest in Shaw's work consists not in a conflict explicitly defined and artistically resolved but in the tension between a spoken play which is Fabian and an unspoken play which is Marxist; ergo, Shaw would have been a better dramatist if he had been a better Marxist. Among the masked, half-articulate spokesmen of uncompromising class struggle, Mr. West includes Saranoff, Gloria Clandon, Brassbound, Tanner, Morell, and Keegan. Though he consistently exaggerates and overstates, Mr. West is in some degree justified in every case except that of Morell, whom he completely misunderstands. But if his discussions of "Arms and the Man" and "Candida" are essentially misleading, those of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and "Major Barbara" are highly instructive.

Undoubtedly there is a latent discussion of socialism in many plays dealing with other subjects. Undoubtedly, Shaw's terrible indictments of capitalistic society imply a stronger course of action than that taken by Vivie Warren, Barbara Undershaft, or Adolphus Cusins. In short, Shaw tended to agree with Marx's diagnosis but feared his remedy. A conflict surely exists in Shaw's social ideology, but Mr. West gives it an exaggerated and one-sided statement: all courage, realism, and inspiration inhere in Marxism, all cowardice, illusion, and ineptitude in capitalism and Fabianism.

Scholars will be irritated by this book but they will probably be grateful for it also. Mr. West has a sharp eye for great dramatic moments. He is a good man fallen among Marxists.

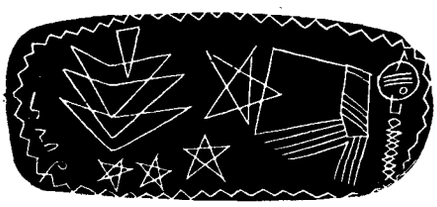
William Irvine, professor of English at Stanford University, last year published "The World of G. B. S."

IN THE minds of most readers Lord Acton lives as the author of but a single sentence—regarding the corrupting effects of power; and as a matter of fact he left only a small body of writings behind him, for he was like his master, Döllinger: "He would not write with imperfect materials, and to him the materials were always imperfect." But what he did leave is well worth having, so it is good to see a reissue of his "Lectures on Modern History" (Macmillan, $2.50) in which the great teacher recognized the arrival of a new age of historical writing, and then led his Cambridge students through nineteen tight-packed chapters of modern history, beginning with the post-medieval rise of nationalism and ending with the American Revolution. To read these lectures is to understand at least partially why Gooch has declared that Acton "was beyond compare the most erudite Englishman of his time," why Toynbee has called him "one of the greatest minds among modern Western historians." And to read them is to test one's own knowledge, for Acton's allusions take for granted a vast amount of historical information. Some of us may find it difficult to believe in 1950—as Acton did at the turn of the century—that "we have no thread through the enormous intricacy and complexity of modern politics except the idea of progress towards more perfect and assured freedom, and the divine right of free men," but one could not ask for a more trustworthy guide to past events; and he was not so optimistic as to be unable to see the threatening possibility of the totalitarian state.

The second volume of Trevelyan's "Illustrated English Social History," devoted to "The Age of Shakespeare and the Stuart Period" (Longmans, Green, $3.75), demonstrates the great informative value of well chosen illustrations in a work of history. Many of the hundred and more pictures that accompany this text evoke the past with a vital clarity beyond the power of words. But the author's verbal power is also of a rare order, as anyone may discover for himself by reading no more than the opening paragraphs in which the historian explains how it was that "Shakespeare chanced upon the best time and country in which to live, in order to exercise with the least distraction and most encouragement the highest faculties of man." To read even so far is to commit oneself to reading on, for George Macaulay Trevelyan's style is an unfailing lure, and his ability to compress much knowledge into a few words is enviable. This volume, by the way, is dedicated to the late Eileen Power, whose learned and fascinating book "Medieval People"—long on my shelves—has been recently and happily reprinted by Barnes & Noble ($2.25). In its pages you will get to know a half-dozen interesting men and women who lived and died without ever suspecting that they belonged to "the Middle Ages."

To turn from Trevelyan to H. O. Meredith's "Economic History of England: A Study in Social Development" (British Book Centre, $2.50) is a logical step, for social and economic history are indivisible. The fifth edition of this excellent factual survey and interpretation of England's way of life carries us from the open-field strip farming of the Saxons to the present Socialist Government's attempt to manage the value of the pound sterling; from "the monotonous cellular structure" of medieval rural England to the complex organization of the current "planned" economy. Professor Meredith's facts are multitudinous, he arranges them well, and his survey of human history leads him to conclude that the part played in it "by conscious deliberation and concerted action was small." A good companion volume is the new edition of John A. Hobson's now almost classic "The Evolution of Modern Capitalism" (Macmillan, $2.50), first published in 1894. Another relevant and famous work, in an excellent edition, is Adam Smith's "The Wealth of Nations" (British Book Centre, 2 vols., $7.50). We do not have to agree with Buckle that this is "probably the most important book which has ever been written," but its effect on economic theory and practice can hardly be exaggerated. If we would understand a business era that began with the experimental policies of the younger Pitt we must be familiar with the arguments of the great Free Trader.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.



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Fiction. *The development of the short story as a means of expressing a writer's personal philosophy or of isolating geographically the people of a single county or state is apparent in two collections reviewed this week. In "The Delicate Prey and Other Stories" Paul Bowles dramatizes in a terrifying manner the revulsion of the individual from all forms of social participation and his retreat into the cavern of his own mind. The present collection of twenty-one of Jesse Stuart's magazine stories, "Clearing in the Sky," contains familiar tales of the Kentucky hills, with little if any personal philosophy of his own. "Taffy" is a vivid and completely believable novel of New York's Harlem by Philip B. Kaye, a newcomer to fiction. It traces the past of a young mulatto who at seventeen is a drunkard and gangster, at eighteen a murderer. It is difficult to decide which is more alarming, Mr. Bowles's mindless primitivism or Mr. Kaye's mindless anarchism.*

Paul Bowles—"the cavern is a deep one . . . worth exploring."

The Human Psyche—Alone

THE DELICATE PREY AND OTHER STORIES. By Paul Bowles. New York: Random House. 307 *pp.* $3.

By TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

PAUL BOWLES is a man and author of exceptional latitude but he has, like nearly all serious artists, a dominant theme. That theme is the fearful isolation of the individual being. He is as preoccupied with this isolation as the collectivist writers of ten years ago were concerned with group membership and purposes. Our contemporary American society seems no longer inclined to hold itself open to very explicit criticism from within. This is what we hope and suppose to be a transitory condition that began with the Second World War. It will probably wear itself out, for it is directly counter to the true American nature and tradition, but at the present time it seems to be entering its extreme phase, the all but complete suppression of any dissident voices. What choice has the artist, now, but withdrawal into the caverns of his own isolated being? Hence the outgrowth of the "new school of decadence," so bitterly assailed by the same forces that turned our writers inward? Young men are writing first novels with a personal lyricism much like that exhibited in the early poems of the late Edna St. Vincent Millay, a comparison which is disparaging to neither party nor to the quality itself. For what is youth without lyricism, and what would lyricism be without a personal accent?

But Paul Bowles cannot be accurately classed with these other young men, not only because he is five or ten years older than most of them but because, primarily, a personal lyricism is not what distinguishes his work. His work is distinguished by its mature philosophical content, which is another thing altogether. As I noted in a review of his first novel, "The Sheltering Sky," Bowles is apparently the only American writer whose work reflects the extreme spiritual dislocation (and a philosophical adjustment to it) of our immediate times. He has "an organic continuity" with the present in a way that is commensurate with the great French trio of Camus, Genet, and Sartre. This does little to improve his stock with the school of criticism which advocates a literature that is happily insensitive to any shock or abrasion, the sort that would sing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's all Here" while being extricated, still vocally alive, from the debris of a Long Island railroad disaster.

But to revert to the opening observation in this review, Paul Bowles is preoccupied with the spiritual isolation of individual beings. This is not a thing as simple as loneliness. Certainly a terrible kind of loneliness is expressed in most of these stories and in the novel that preceded them to publication, but the isolated beings in these stories have deliberately chosen their isolation in most cases, not merely accepted and endured it. There is a singular lack of human give-and-take, of true emotional reciprocity, in the groups of beings assembled upon his intensely but somberly lighted sets. The drama is that of the single being rather than of beings in relation to each other. Paul Bowles has experienced an unmistakable revulsion from the act of social participation. One may surmise in him the social experience of two decades. Then the withdrawal is logical. The artist is not a man who will advance against a bayonet pressed to his abdomen unless another bayonet is pressed to his back, and even then he is not likely to move forward. He will, if possible, stand still. But Mr. Bowles has discovered that the bayonet is pointed at the man moving forward in our times, and that a retreat is still accessible. He has done the sensible thing under these circumstances. He has gone back into the cavern of himself. These seventeen stories are the exploration of a cavern of individual sensibilities, and fortunately the cavern is a deep one containing a great deal that is worth exploring.

Nowhere in any writing that I can think of has the separateness of the one human psyche been depicted more vividly and shockingly. If one feels that life achieves its highest value and significance in those rare moments —they are scarcely longer than that —when two lives are confluent, when the walls of isolation momentarily collapse between two persons, and if one is willing to acknowledge the possibility of such intervals, however rare and brief and difficult they may be, the intensely isolated spirit evoked by Paul Bowles may have an austerity which is frightening at least. But don't make the mistake of assuming that what is frightening is necessarily inhuman. It is curious to note that the spirit evoked by Bowles in so many of these stories does *not* seem inhuman, nor does it strike me as being antipathetic.

Even in the stories where this isolation is most shockingly, even savagely, stated and underlined the reader may sense an inverted kind of longing and tenderness for the thing whose absence the story concerns. This in-

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verted, subtly implicit kind of tenderness comes out most clearly in one of the less impressive stories of the collection. This story is called "The Scorpion." It concerns an old woman in a primitive society of some obscure kind who has been left to live in a barren cave by her two sons. One of these deserters eventually returns to the cave with the purpose of bringing his mother to the community in which he and his brother have taken up residence. But the old woman is reluctant to leave her cave. The cave, too small for more than one person to occupy, is the only thing in reality that she trusts or feels at home in. It is curtained by rainfall and it is full of scorpions and it is not furnished by any kind of warmth or comfort, yet she would prefer to remain there than to accompany her son, who has finally for some reason not stated in the story decided to take her back with him to the community where he has moved. The journey must be made on foot and it will take three days. They finally set out together, but for the old woman there is no joy in the departure from the barren cave nor in the anticipation of a less isolated existence: there is only submission to a will that she does not interpret.

Here is a story that sentimentality, even a touch of it, could have destroyed. But sentimentality is a thing that you will find nowhere in the work of Paul Bowles. When he fails, which is rarely, it is for another reason. It is because now and then his special hardness of perception, his defiant rejection of all things emollient have led him into an area in which a man can talk only to himself.

The volume contains among several fine stories at least one that is a true masterpiece of short fiction—"A Distant Episode," published first in *Partisan Review*. In this story Paul Bowles states the same theme which he developed more fully in his later novel. The theme is the collapse of the civilized "Super Ego" into a state of almost mindless primitivism, totally dissociated from society except as an object of its unreasoning hostility. It is his extremely powerful handling of this theme again and again in his work which makes Paul Bowles probably the American writer who represents most truly the fierily and blindly explosive world that we live in so precariously from day and night to each uncertain tomorrow.

Tennessee Williams, whose play "A Streetcar Named Desire" won a Pulitzer Prize, is the author also of the plays "The Glass Menagerie" and "Summer and Smoke." He recently published a novel, "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone."

More Tall Tales of Greenup County

CLEARING IN THE SKY. By Jesse Stuart. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 262 pp. $3.50.

By HARRIETTE SIMPSON ARNOW

AS A YOUNG man Jesse Stuart showed great promise in both his prose and poetry, speaking for us in the Kentucky hills as no one had ever spoken. He was no mere folk enthusiast writing of mores and manners, nor probing sociologist prettifying his findings with bright wrappings of fiction. He seemed one man writing of other men; a re-creator of things seen and heard and smelled—and felt—in the hills. True, we were sometimes pained by what at times seemed an exaggerated romanticism and a preoccupation with force and violence. There were signs that he tortured his characters a bit to get a tale tall enough for magazine publication; but tall tales can be good when written as were his in an effortless, simile-sprinkled prose that like his poetry seemed to bubble up from some source, living and earthy as a mountain spring.

Thus it was that remembering back to some of his sonnets, passages from "Beyond Dark Hills," stories from "Head of W Hollow," we found "Clearing in the Sky" (a collection of twenty-one stories written for magazines and published through a period of several years) somewhat saddening to read. Some, such as "The Champion," seem suited for juvenile rather than adult consumption, though perhaps most are intended to appeal to the red-blooded type who prefers caricature to realism and wants physical combat and plenty of it—since here we have battle in all its forms:

—From "Clearing in the Sky."

dog against wildcat; man against a bear; a corn-eating contest between a rooster and a man; a race between undertakers for a man not yet dead.

When Mr. Stuart deals with less pugnacious characters his stories seem somewhat more successful and less juvenile. We liked best "Old Gore," a simple and at times moving tale of an old farm hand unsuccessfully hunting a new job and at the same time trying to show his old employer that he is still needed on the big farm from which he is to be evicted. "The Anglo-Saxons of Auxierville" might have been equally good if the miner's child, hunting fishing worms in the man-polluted earth near the coal mines, could have been left alone, and the author not have intruded with poetical preaching on the hard lot of the pure-blooded Anglo-Saxons who sold their land to the coal companies. True, much research on our part has brought us to the conclusion that none of us in the Kentucky hills is pure blooded Anglo-Saxons—we were well mixed through generations of living in the colonies before we got to Kentucky.

However, we have long since learned that Greenup County is vastly different from the Kentucky hills we know. We never minded that as long as the tall tales seemed the genuine mountain article. Some of these are too tall, such as that of the horse trader who told a horse's age by the whiteness of his teeth instead of their grounddownness; or the hill community that tolerated a land-grabber like Jake Timmins. All such, like the remarks on the jacket, we can take on faith, and Greenup County is something of a bastard when it comes to counties; its original hill people are all mixed up with a lot of new people who came after the War Between the States; it has railroads and more industry than most counties, and sticking up into Ohio the way it does it's had a lot of Northern influence seeping across the Ohio River.

Anyway, fiction does not necessarily have to be based on fact; the main trouble seems to be that few of the stories in "Clearing in the Sky" are convincing; though the stories are told for the most part in the first-person style familiar to Mr. Stuart's readers, the tellers are hard to distinguish each from the other, and most of the tales sound as if told by an author trying to write like a hill man.

Harriette Simpson Arnow is author of "Hunter's Horn" and other novels of Kentucky mountain life.

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The New American Outlaws

TAFFY. By Philip B. Kaye. New York: Crown Publishers. 258 *pp.* $3.

By Ann Petry

SUPPOSE you were an insurance agent, a collector of the small weekly payments made by the poorest of the very poor who dwell in New York's Harlem, a short fat man with a pink-and-white complexion, a family man. And suppose that on a hot summer's night when your total collections had reached the sum of one United States dollar you were standing in the hallway of a tenement, a hallway dark as the grave, when you became aware of a stealthy movement behind you and a voice said, "This is a stick-up!" A knife nudges you (you know it is a knife without seeing it, you have always known that some night a knife would be stuck in your back while you were making collections in Harlem) and you say, "Don't hurt me. I got a wife and babies. I never did anything to anyone. I'm only trying to make a living—"

What happens next? Your wallet is removed from your pocket. It is examined, discarded. You had only one dollar so the knife is plunged into your back. And then into your neck. This second blow is so violent that it spins you around and you see the man who stabbed you.

You expect to see a Negro and you do see one but you thought he would be big and dark of skin. Instead, he is small and his skin is a muddy yellow. The sight of the whole small-boned structure of him, the hate-contorted face, with its yellow, sallow skin bruised and bloody from a recent beating, the taffy-colored hair, the crazy eyes, the dirty clothes, tells you you should scream for help, for the police, for all the forces of law and order and decency, because this small dirty young man obviously represents everything that is indecent, illegal, disorderly. He is only a kid, and so, just before you die, you wonder how he got to be like this.

The insurance agent never found out how and why Taffy Johnson, wielder of the knife, became a petty thief and a murderer. But you can find out by reading Philip B. Kaye's "Taffy." You will discover that Taffy, American Negro, is blood brother to Farrell's Studs Lonigan, to Shulman's Frank Abbott, to Algren's Frankie Machine. All of them are the spiritual descendants of the cutthroats and footpads of an earlier day; and I suppose you could say they had a common ancestor in Gesmas, the impenitent thief. But these contemporary figures, these new American outlaws are, like Taffy, spawned in city slums.

Taffy grew up in Harlem. At seventeen he was a lush and a smalltime hood; at eighteen he was a murderer. Mr. Kaye has written frightening, brilliant scenes that show Taffy and his gang getting drunk, robbing an apartment, playing pool, fighting. Taffy and his friends Eggie, Crip, Homer, Ralph, and Dude and the prostitutes Frazzles, Cleo, and Lady are terribly alive, completely believable.

Compared to these gaudy young criminals the other characters in the book are only waxwork figures, bearing labels to show their relationship to Taffy: the quiet patient sister, the ambitious mother, the hard-working Pullman porter father. Perhaps the unreality of Taffy's family is due to the fact that the arch villains of fiction always make a deeper impression than the good gentle people. All of us remember Fagin. Few of us even recognize the name of Riah, though he, too, was a Jew and a creation of Dickens.

Be that as it may, "Taffy" is a vivid and unforgettable book.

Ann Petry is author of "The Street" and other stories of Negro life.

Fiction Notes

THE WIND IS RISING, by William Russell. Scribner. $3. This novel, by a Southerner about the plight of the Negro in the South, is a strong and able presentation of the problem of racial bigotry and injustices which continues to plague us, and of the paths toward its solution. The wind of revolt against prejudice and discrimination, William Russell says, is rising. This is the book's affirmative note. Otherwise the picture Mr. Russell paints is a bleak one.

His materials are familiar. Young Beal and Brother Jackson grew up as sharecroppers on a Delta cotton plantation. They were in the main "good" Negroes who "knew their place." It was not, as Mr. Russell shows, a "good" place. Cheated by the plantation owner, victimized by the other white folks, harried and fenced about by laws which they had no part in framing—the Negroes lived lives of desperate poverty and back-breaking work.

They could not be content with their lot, but their lack of experience and education smothered their discontent. It was not until Brother was framed on a murder charge and Beal attempted the hopeless task of clearing him that the realization of injustice began to percolate and the wind of revolt to rise.

Some of Mr. Russell's characters—in particular his white folks—are too simply drawn. But in Beal, his hero, he has created a real person and accomplished the difficult task of portraying the transformation of a true innocent into a mature, socially aware man. His scenes of Delta life and of New York Negro life ring true. He writes with a fine indignation that is very persuasive. Though his story has been told before, it is good to have it told again.

—Edward J. Fitzgerald.

IN ANOTHER COUNTRY, by David Davidson. Random House. $3. Although the same competence and sharp writing are apparent this book does not measure up to Mr. Davidson's earlier novels.

The main story, which takes place in 1932, is concerned with the adventures in England of Freddy Miller, aged twenty-two, just out of Baltimore. Freddy has received a scholarship for graduate work, but his primary interest is to plunge passionately into the study of sex. Fortunately for his larger education, two impoverished and intellectual students, one English, the other Balkan (Grigor Munzek), have a salutary effect on

(*Continued on page* 32)

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Getting Off the Pyramid

(A Guest Editorial)

WE are in a nasty war. Perhaps we shall be forced into a bigger and nastier one. Perhaps not. Either way, I think there is no better time to talk of peace and a scheme for peace than now.

A few years ago, I faced a small personal crisis that reminds me of the present world situation. My wife and I were in Yucatan. We drove out to a place called Chichinitza, an ancient city containing very interesting ruins of Mayan civilization. The temples in this city were all built on the tops of very high pyramids. We determined to inspect one of these temples, so we climbed the highest pyramid of all. The steps up the side were many and steep but we didn't mind. We went through the temple, then came out and looked down the side of the pyramid which we must now descend. I am a vertigo boy myself. I don't like even *looking down* a steep declivity.

As I looked down this one I had the sickening realization that we would have to climb from the very top of the pyramid to the ground level. Each step was about two feet high, and the foot tread was only about six inches. Our first reaction was that we just couldn't climb down those steep steps. It seemed certain that we would lose our balance and topple to the ground —quite a distance to topple. We had the choice of spending the rest of our lives on the top of that pyramid in Yucatan, or climbing down. Naturally, we made the seemingly impossible descent merely because we had to, merely because there was no other way.

When there is only one way out of a difficulty, the way has to be possible. There is only one way out of world war—and that is world law. We have tried alliances on the honor system. We have tried disarmament on the honor system. We have tried armament races. We have tried a League of Nations Debating Society. All these have failed, and in the light of common sense they *had* to fail. Human nature is not ready for the honor system. Human nature is not ready to handle the latest devices of warfare without something going off. Whatever might be said of the difficulties in the way of establishing world government, the common sense of the aim doesn't sound hard to swallow. Why aren't more people swallowing it? Why isn't the idea sweeping over the earth and gathering supporters from every corner? It has covered a great part of the earth, and it has gathered supporters from every corner; but why isn't it gathering more supporters, and faster? What's holding this thing up?

The first obstruction we meet is a very basic one—jungle fear. The average man is afraid of strange things and strange people. You talk to him about world government and he is very likely to reply: "I don't want a lot of foreigners telling my country what it can do and what it can't do." Now this may be a quick and ill-considered answer, one of instinct rather than thought, but such answers are not to be brushed off lightly. The man who says he doesn't want to be ruled by any laws except those laws of his own land is a product of thousands of years of national pride, dearly won national sovereignty, and complete independence from all other nations. So when we advocate world government and at the same time honestly admit that world government involves the surrender of a part of this sovereignty we must recognize the fact that we are asking for a sacrifice, and it is our job to convince every nation, and all the people of every nation, that it is a sacrifice worth making.

THE world government I am talking about here is *limited* world government, limited to the objective of peace. The only surrender of national sovereignty would be a nation's right to make war. The nations are not to give up their form of government, their traditions, their customs, their songs, their games—only the right to make war.

That brings us face to face with the next big problem in selling the idea of federation, the biggest deterrent of all—Russia. Let's tackle this one. Granted that we can't have a completely effective and successful world federation without all the nations,

Christmas, 1950

By Christopher La Farge

KEEP peace on the walled, divided earth?
Peace is the mistress-bed of war
Where sweet love lies with its own dearth
Back of the sealed word, the locked door.
(This day the gentle Christ was born:
How sharp, how separate every thorn!)

Dogmas of man disowning man
Consume an emptied eucharist,
Ravage the face of love that can
Be but betrayed as it is kissed.
(This day Christ's primal cry was heard:
Covered the Word now, word on word!)

Here where the autumn has walled a cave
To prison winter that breeds dark spring,
Love must lie in a slandered grave
And fission a resurrection bring.
(O! peace on earth, good will to men:
And the tyrant's grasp on the truthless pen!)

But ever the new day, ever the hope?
Over the blast and the grind of death
And hatred screaming hate's horoscope,
Love is the whispering, the heard breath.
(This day the loving Christ was born:
Muted, echoing, golden horn!)

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and granting that Russia and her satellites will probably refuse to come into it, what do we do about that?

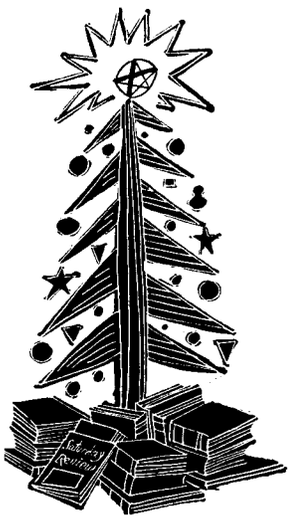
One thing we could do would be to abandon the whole idea, turn aside from this one and only road to peace, allow Russia to block us and to continue to play her own game with her own rules until she gets the kind of World Federation she would like, a Federation dominated by her own philosophy of government—Communism. Accepting defeat in this way, allowing Russia and a handful of other nations to call the shots—being thwarted and frustrated and "letting it go at that"—is not the way to survive war or Communism or anything else. It is a way to lie down and die. It is not a way to live.

WELL, what *can* we do? We have granted that you cannot have a real World Government unless all the nations join. If all of them do not join at once, what do we do? It would seem that if we can't accomplish the whole thing in one step we must be content to take a series of shorter steps to our goal. The main thing is to take no steps backward. If we are sincere in our belief that this is the only road to peace we must not leave that road. A sound principle—like the basic principle of gravity—is unchanged by events. The Korean war, a filibuster at Lake Success, a refusal of other nations to join a World Federation—none of these things should alter our ultimate aim. And so the sensible thing to do, if all the nations will not line up with us, is to find out how many will. We must find this out, and take the leadership ourselves.

What would happen if we should take this bold step today? Consider the effect such a proposal would have on the other nations in the world—to learn that we were committed to the idea of an eventual world police force operating under law that would have the right and the power to tell every nation what the rules of the game for world peace were. What an answer this would be to Russia, a government which daily feeds the people of the East with the theory that the United States is a nation of warmongers and imperialists! Could a better answer than this one be conceived? Could the Voice of America broadcast anything more important than this?

All Americans want peace but all the rest of the world does not know this. False propaganda has given them a different impression. We must erase that impression. There could be no better way to accomplish this than to come out boldly and honestly for world government—a limited world government with power to enforce a law against war, a law enforceable against any of its member nations.

Such an offer would put upon our adversaries the constant pressure of having refused—and continuing to refuse—a decent and honorable and friendly invitation to unite for world peace. It would not mean that we and our partner nations would disarm immediately. For the time being, we must do everything to build up our military strength. But it would be known to the world that our *eventual* aim is not conquest but peace, that the door remains open to every nation in the world to join us in this ambition. If we are kept in a war atmosphere by scattered engagements throughout the world for a long period, if we are forced into a huge, all-out war, our objective in no case would be unconditional surrender or the winning of reparations or the conquest of any nation or people. Our message to our enemies would be always, "You don't have to be a conquered people. You have merely to accept the principle of world order, for which we stand. If you lay down your arms, you will not be overrun or dominated by us or any one country. Our only condition is that you join us and all the other nations in the world to achieve permanent world peace and security."



If we, and a great many other nations who followed us, would adopt this policy is it conceivable that we could in fact create a World Government short of a universal World Government? That is, a World Government *without* all of the nations being a part of it? Is there any point at which we might have so many nations and so many powerful nations in the group, that we could create a *partial* World Government?

That is a hard question to answer. It would, of course, depend on how many nations and what nations were with us, and it would depend also on the political and military situation in the world at the time. It is conceivable, however, that with only a few nations left out the organization could get underway, many of the procedural problems could be solved, and some kind of partial world federation is not beyond the realm of possibility.

It must always be remembered, however, that under such circumstances we could not advocate disarmament while there were nations outside the Federation heavily armed. No one must think we are so naive and trustful, or so impractical.

Everyone who has considered World Government is fully conscious of the great obstructions in the way of forming it and maintaining it, the difficulties concerning organization, procedure, alliance of conflicting ideologies, and compromise among conflicting traditions. But since the alternative is total destruction and elimination of mankind it becomes academic to enumerate and to moan and groan over the difficulties facing world federation. Not only academic but suicidal, for time is running out on us. If there is any way to abolish war we had better get to work quickly. While we are talking it over war can quite easily abolish us.

I am convinced that if this world is to be saved from the destruction that modern warfare promises, it will be saved by those whom hard-headed men call dreamers.

I am tired of listening to self-styled "practical men" patronizing me by calling me an idealist. In their kindly eyes there is an implication that they will forgive you, but that they have some secret that you don't know, because they are practical and you are not. Meanwhile, I'm waiting for the "practical men" to come through with some workable ideas, and while I am waiting I am going to follow the only course that I can see—the common-sense dream of establishing world law to create world order.

This is no time for hand-wringers, shoulder-shruggers, and random monkey-wrench-throwers. What we need is builders. And what must be built, if we are to survive, is some structure for peace. We must fight inertia in ourselves first and then in others. But we must win these fights. The difference between winning and losing is the difference between living and dying. If we fail in our effort to achieve a real and permanent world peace nothing else we do will be worth anything to us. There is no cause, no objective so important to us as this one. Nothing is worth more of our time, our talent, our energy, or anything else we can give.

No one knows if world government can come in time to stop war; but if war comes we will at least have held up before the world a peace aim which could rally the people of the world. Now is the logical and psychological time to talk about peace and to prepare for it, to support world law as the only sane and possible program for peace and to stick to it. There is only one other program—war and more war. —OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

How to Read an Article

SIR: I have read with great interest Mr. Wittcoff's reply to my article on the Great Books Foundation, [*SRL* Dec. 9] and I find it an admirable statement of the beliefs and hopes that animate the proponents of the program. But I am surprised and puzzled by the fact that Mr. Wittcoff has misread my text in so many instances. Let me cite a few examples, with quotation and comment.

1. "The challenge is not met by the trade schools and lonely-hearts clubs whose praises Mr. Redman sings in his rhapsody about adult education in America."

I can discover in my article no rhapsody or praise of trade schools. And if Mr. Wittcoff means by "lonely-hearts clubs" the "thousand reading and discussion groups" to which I referred, then what I actually wrote of the lady members of these groups was: "It is to be feared that these ladies have all too often been very much adrift, trying to steer by half-known stars, and far from sure of their compass readings." This is hardly praise.

2. "He doubts whether group members aim to gain what the Foundation aims to give. . . "

What I said was that the group members obviously hope to gain various benefits, including truths by which to guide their lives.

3. "Mr. Redman argues for predominantly modern selections."

What I said was that I believed that the average member of the average group would be more profitably employed in reading good modern works of history, literature, etc., rather than such works as Calvin's "Institutes," Montaigne's "Apology for Raimond de Sebonde," Bacon's "Novum Organum," Aquinas's "Treatise on Law," or Descartes' "Discourse on Method." (It will be noted that I did not question the value to the group members of Homer, Thucydides, Milton, Shakespeare, Gibbon, Mill, Herodotus, and many other authors included in the Great Books list.) I then went on to question the value of the groups' sitting at the venerable feet of Hippocrates, Lavoisier, Harvey, and Galileo.

4. "After deploring the prominence given to some of the ancients he seems disturbed because each year's list ends with modern writers such as Marx, Twain, James, and Freud."

I expressed no such "disturbance." What I did express was surprise that Tawney's "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism," admirable though it is, should be "in this company." I expressed no disturbance at the presence of the authors Mr. Wittcoff names.

5. "Mr. Redman raises some questions about the reading list. He implies that it merely represents the whims of the founders of the program who have handed it on to the public *ex cathedra*."

On the contrary, far from suggesting that the list had a whimsical origin, I traced its honorable descent from Erskine, through Columbia, through Chicago, through St. John's, to the Great Books Foundation.

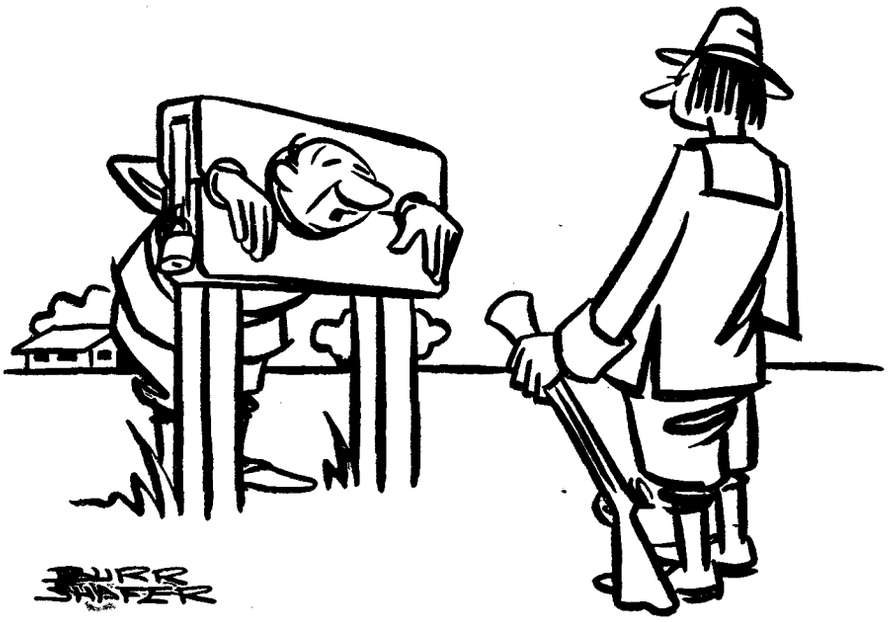
6. "Mr. Redman insists that Machiavelli's 'Prince' cannot be understood unless we are familiar with its historical background and the personal experiences of its author. . . . What does Mr. Redman's knowledge of the personal life of Homer have to do with his appreciation of the 'Odyssey'?"

Mr. Wittcoff must know that the cases of Machiavelli and Homer are not analogous. The "Odyssey" can be read by almost everyone with considerable pleasure and understanding But to understand the "Prince" we must know that it was written in particular circumstances, for the use of one man, peculiarly placed in a particular political situation—and that it was not designed for general publication. (I note that Mr. Wittcoff says nothing about the special knowledge necessary to an appreciation of Aristophanes's comedies.)

In the face of the evidence I am tempted to say, without flippancy, that Mr. Wittcoff may have learned—in Mr. Adler's phrase—"how to read a book," but that he has not learned how to read an article. I shall resist the temptation, however, and say instead that on one point I am in complete agreement with my opponent. He warns me that if anyone concludes that a genuine liberal education cannot be provided for all adults, "he must contemplate the consequences for a free society." I agree. I have contemplated those very consequences—long and unhappily.

BEN RAY REDMAN.

Los Angeles, Calif.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"How was I to know that such a pretty girl could be a witch?"

Three Suggestions

SIR: The splendid letter, "A Brotherly Kind of War" [*SRL* Nov. 11] has inspired me to add a few suggestions along the same lines. (1) Take away all guns from all soldiers—including the Russians—and give them lollypops instead; (2) give them also colorful balloons which—like airplanes—can fly but can do no harm; (3) take away from them all their destructive tanks and give them plastic Christmas tanks instead, which can travel around in peaceful living rooms for minutes at a time to the enjoyment of our children and all mankind.

JERRY MOSS.

Cleveland, O.

Discovery

SIR: I have just read a book which so far as I can ascertain not one single reviewer has evaluated at its true worth or understood in its true nature. It is "The Man Who Lived Backward," by Malcolm Ross. Every review I have seen of this book treats it as a piece of fantasy or science-fiction and dismisses it as sometimes confused and clumsy (as, to be frank, it sometimes is).

On the surface this may be all the book is. Its contrivance—the idea of a man who is born in 1940 during the retreat from the invading Germans in France and who dies in 1865, trying futilely to save Lincoln from assassination, a man who remembers his future instead of his past—would justify no more adequate reviews than it has received. But any science-fiction fan who gets himself tangled in the story of Mark Selby is due for an immense surprise. For implicit in "The Man Who Lived Backwards" is history more vividly drawn than in most historical novels; a philosophy of and a dream for America to hearten the most discouraged liberal; and a style of writing which lifts this book above any American novel I have read for years.

Malcolm Ross has written a profoundly original work. I wish people would read it who would never read a tale of fantasy. I wish the Book Discovery Club would discover it. I

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wish the book reviewers had had the time really to read it and find out what they were reading. And perhaps I should add that I don't know Malcolm Ross at all and am writing this only because his novel has so impressed me that I want to bring it to the attention of the kind of people who read the *SRL*.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

San Francisco, Calif.

Epoch Making

SIR: I should like to offer my congratulations for including in *SRL* a review of my original 25¢ novel "The Tormented" [*SRL* Nov. 18], and my thanks for Kathleen Sproul's understanding review, which treated it as a novel no matter what its form or price. This review of "The Tormented" is something of an epoch-making event, what with the controversy in the publishing world over original quarter books. It is to the credit of the ever-improving spirit of *SRL* that you have made this intelligent innovation,

I hope to continue to have published novels of mine in both the original 25¢ field and the regular hard-book field and feel there is room for both in our world. If true best-selling lists were published, "The Tormented" would be near the top of the list as a new, original book. The astonishing part of all this, of course, is that yours is the only review that has appeared, or probably will appear, in spite of the publisher sending copies to all the reviewing media of the country.

THEODORE PRATT.

Boca Raton, Fla.

Dissatisfactions in Russia

SIR: You will forgive me, I trust, for taking issue with Albert Z. Carr's review of my book, "The Choice" [*SRL* Nov. 25]. When I advanced the thesis that the only alternative to an eventual third world war is a democratic revolution in Russia and proposed that the United States use its full power to paralyze Stalin's ability to strike by helping the oppressed Russian people to overthrow the present regime, I did not expect to be greeted with a unanimous vote of approval. My quarrel with Mr. Carr is not that he disagrees with my thesis. I presume, from what I know of his recent book, that he thinks we should try to negotiate a settlement with the present Soviet regime. It is, of course, my privilege in turn to believe that no real peace settlement is possible with a totalitarian regime whose foreign policy rests on the Leninist foundations of Communist world revolution and whose survival depends on the use of unlimited terror against the Russian people.

My quarrel with Mr. Carr is that he has given an unfair summary of the contents of my book. He states that I have arrived at my conclusions regarding Russian disaffection with the Stalin regime without reference to history, solely on the basis of my personal experience with liberated Russian DP's and prisoners of war in Germany.

That is flagrant misrepresentation.

(1) I devote an entire chapter, consisting of captured German documents used in the Nuremberg trials as well as other historical materials, to demonstrate that there was revolutionary defeatism in the Russian Army in 1941; that it took Hitler's atrocities in Russia to change the anti-Stalin mood, which resulted in the surrender of 3.6 million Soviet troops during the first eight months of the war.

(2) Two chapters of my book describe in detail my conversations with leading Soviet lights *who were in good standing with the Kremlin when I spoke to them in Berlin.* One of these men, Boris Gorbatov, is a deputy of the Supreme Soviet and a recipient of the Stalin prize. The other, Yuri Korolkov, is the *Pravda* correspondent in Berlin.

(3) The chapter "Our Best People," far from describing the sentiments of DP's and liberated prisoners of war, deals intimately with the present state of disaffection and latent revolt among the members of the Soviet secret police, the praetorian guard of the Stalin regime.

The reader of Mr. Carr's review would never guess that a major portion of "The Choice" portrays the profound unrest that permeates the Soviet political hierarchy and the police arm of the dictatorship—as I observed it at close range during my two-year stay in Berlin.

BORIS SHUB.

New York, N. Y.

One God for One World

SIR: Frederick Keller Stamm's very fine article "Church vs. Christianity" [*SRL* Sept. 23] seems to have been misinterpreted by reader after reader, according to your LETTERS page.

In the first place, I don't believe Dr. Stamm intended attacking the Roman Catholic church any more than any of the various Protestant churches. I can't think that he meant to condemn our Christain churches as such, but merely to make all of us who call ourselves Christians realize that we are first of all Christians, and not just Presbyterians or Catholics or Lutherans. He is saying that denominationalism is overstressed in our church life today. We have a tendency to emphasize our differences rather than that all important oneness which is in Christ.

Sometimes in our efforts to glorify God to the fullest, as for example in our ritual and great dogma, we fail to catch that inner warmth, that compassionate spirit that draws man to man, and man to God. Dr. Stamm is a man with great breadth of vision. He is looking at Christianity not as a member of a certain denomination, but as a Christian looks upon his fellow men in relation to the world and to God. In this day when the future of the world hangs in the balance, how can any of us narrow our vision to one particular church, or to one particular country, when it is now a matter of one world and one God under whose loving care we are all brothers?

I am sure that Dr. Stamm would be the first to admit that a church cannot be run without a certain amount of organization. But he is saying—let us not lose sight of Christ, his life and teaching, in the midst of our manifold creeds and ritual.

MARILYNN E. AUGUST.

Cleveland, O.

William Henry Chamberlin

SIR: In a recent review of William H. Chamberlin's "America's Second Crusade" [*SRL* Nov. 18], the reviewer glorified Roosevelt as another divine Prometheus and damned Chamberlin as a Goebbels. The gist of the review was that a reputable American writer who opposes the pouring

"They're the combined Book-of-the-Month Club selection for March."

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of American wealth and blood into Eurasian wars is in a class with Goebbels, the master liar of Hitler. It is regrettable when a book reviewer resorts to such emotional extremes and bigotry. The review was not a reasoned appraisal of Chamberlin's book but an intolerant outburst against the author. The smear tactics used on Chamberlin are the same as those that were employed against the historian Charles Beard.

The assault on Chamberlin is another attempt to suppress freedom of speech and the press by intimidation.

LLOYD E. PRICE.

Fort Worth, Tex.

SIR: It is apparent that James Minifie is quite a kindly and gentle chap. His review of Chamberlin's "America's Second Crusade," though a scrupulously accurate appraisal, was unnecessarily kind to a work that does not merit kindness. This scurrilous diatribe is misconstructed with shaky logistics, shored up with distorted facts and reasoning, and designed with a Walrus and Carpenter eye for architecture. It parallels exactly the unrelenting Fascist line. The surest indictment of this asinine retreat from reason, to give Chamberlin's book its kindest description, lies in its current•touters. All the cheering is heard from the extreme right-wing press, many of the wartime sedition-indictees, the violently isolationst papers, and the openly anti-democratic organizations. Chamberlin now joins Pegler and O'Donnell on the mourners' bench of the wilful blind.

STEFEN VERK.

New York, N. Y.

Theme and Variations

SIR: In regard to John Steinbeck's claim ["Critics, Critics Burning Bright," *SRL* Nov. 11] that he can "find no play . . . or novel which uses sterility as its theme," please refer him to a best seller of his youth, Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks," which used the same theme, the same solution.

OLIVE B. JAMES.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: John Steinbeck says: "I can find no play, poem, essay, or novel which uses sterility as its theme." Federico García Lorca's "Yerma" is such a play.

S. G. MORLEY.

Berkeley, Calif.

Optimism Triumphant

SIR: Mr. Joseph Murphy's letter in *SRL* Nov. 18 certainly deserves the ig-Nobel prize! He says that in the world of today no "faith and happiness and joy" exist and that it is vain to look for "sterling characters." I know hundreds of people who have "faith, happiness, and joy," and some of them are victims of painful and incurable disease; some of them have suffered terrible bereavements. But they have risen triumphant above Mr. Murphy's dyspeptic pessimism. As for "sterling characters," was there ever a more heroic chapter in human history than the resistance movement against Nazi tyranny? The early Christian martyrs were no finer stuff.

PRESTON SLOSSON.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Genus: Parent—Species: Moral

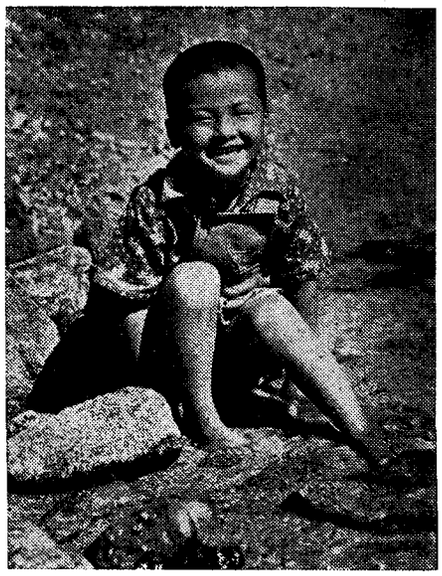
ON September 17, 1949, "moral parent" was only a coined phrase, used by Norman Cousins in his article "Hiroshima—Four Years Later" (written while he was still in the atom-bombed city, the day after he had visited an orphanage where Mrs. Teiko Yamashita was caring for some of the children orphaned by the bomb.)

Now "Moral Parent" is a little over a year old. As the project of help for the Hiroshima children goes into its second year *SRL* thought it might be well to examine this composite phenomenon, and to present a brief report.

The composite moral parent numbers over 300 individuals (and many of these have families also in on the plan or are representatives of organizations, so that probably the total composite could be said to be little short of 1500). It lives in every state in these United States, in Hawaii, Alaska, and South America. Its occupations and professions include: college, high school, elementary, and nursery-school teachers; newspapermen; librarians; nurses; ministers; doctors; booksellers; art directors; musicians; Federal and municipal workers; housewives; lawyers; novelists; poets; merchants; seamstresses; farmers; radio personnel; and so on. In age it ranges from a five-year-old, through grade-school children, high-schoolers, college students, to an eighty-year-old. It belongs to women's and men's church societies, Rotary, Lions, sororities, and United World Federalist groups. It includes German refugees, recuperating Army veterans, Nisei, the physically handicapped, those who have lost their own children.

This composite is now the parent of children in all five orphanages in Hiroshima. Boys and girls of every age in Japan are sending and receiving letters and gifts across the Pacific. Letters like this (from a nine-year-old girl) come to the parent: "Spring is coming round to the world, but it has already come to me. I feel as if I were dreaming a happy dream. I will try to study very hard and be a good daughter to you." Or this from a thirteen-year-old boy—"Now, my mother, I don't feel lonesome at all."

And as the second year began, our composite was asked, "Do you wish to continue your help to the child? You are under no obligation, you know, to do so." So far not one reply has been in the negative, and most are pleasantly indignant that non-continuance could even be mentioned. And during the past year, besides the monthly or yearly checks for the minimum contribution (and many were larger voluntarily), somehow pianos, medicine, baseball bats, a shipment of primary-school English readers have found their way to Hiroshima.



One of the Hiroshima stars on a moral parent's Christmas tree.

All this with no more exhortation or bird-dogging than that original suggestion on September 17 over a year ago. There was a time this summer when the supply of moral parents exceeded the supply of children. So from the Mayor's Committee in Hiroshima was sent a new list of names; these were not all strictly "atom bomb" orphans but all were, *SRL* felt, somehow affected by the bomb as was everyone in Hiroshima. The parents still waiting were asked—"Do you want these children?" The answers were unanimous—"Yes!" The goal of providing care for every child in one of the five orphanages is on its way to being reached. There are still some children who could use sponsoring friends. . . . If there are still *SRL* readers who want to become part of this composite phenomenon — "the moral parent"—a letter to Norman Cousins will bring admittance. The minimum yearly contribution is $30.

What return you may expect for this is indicated from letter excerpts of recent "repeaters": "It is still the best money's worth in the world!" ". . . To be Akio's father and mother has been one of the greatest joys in the life of our Church School. The children in the parish remember him in their evening prayers." . . . "We highly recommend the moral adoption of a Japanese boy as a challenge to the imagination, a catapult into the oriental equivalent of Alice in Wonderland. Utterly delightful!"

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

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Seeing Things

NICELY-NICELY

ALL OF us have our blind spots which cost us much in pleasure. Among mine, as "Guys and Dolls"* has persuaded me, is the fact that I never happen to have been a Damon Runyon man. This used to condemn me to a certain loneliness, since most of my friends were his admirers. Admirers? That is a niggardly understatement. These Runyon fans were devotees and idolators of the master. Their knowledge of the alphabet was not greater than their familiarity with the Broadway and sporting-life figures who color his stories.

My friends could spout Runyon as if they were old Shakespearean actors quoting the Bard. Their faces were all smiles when they did so or when they talked their own version of that special language which is Runyonese. I used to listen to them with amazement. Had they been exchanging jokes in Polish, I could not have been more left out. Much as I tried to, I was unable to see what they saw in Runyon. I could muster no interest in his people and no enthusiasm for his style. I suffered by being excluded, as minorities will.

"Guys and Dolls" has convinced me that I must have been wrong. It may not as yet have made a Runyon convert of me, but most definitely it has turned me into a "Guys and Dolls" man. With complete enthusiasm I find myself on the side of its angels, its creators, its performers, and everyone who has had anything to do with it. And why not? No musical comedy I remember has been easier to relish than this "fable of Broadway" which has its origins in Damon Runyon.

How faithful its book is to the stories collected and published under this same title I have no way of knowing because of that old distaste of mine (as irrational as any other allergy) which these many years has denied me the delights of feeding on Runyon. But I do know that I have seldom seen a musical which I enjoyed more or which on every count succeeded in doing more completely exactly what it set out to do.

As revealed in "Guys and Dolls," Damon Runyon's is a special world within a special world. It is a segment of a segment which stretches from Forty-second Street to Columbus Circle. It is a realm where men are guys, women are dolls, and gambling —big-time or small-scale—is a profession taken as much for granted as medicine or the law. Its people are the brassiest of city-slickers. Inasmuch as they are as loud-mouthed as they are loudly dressed, they seem tough. Doubtless they would be as tough as they seem, were it not for the curious innocence they retain. Questionable as their employment and their morals may be from a Sunday School point of view their basic goodness is beyond question. They are the most naive of underworldlings. In fact, they are touts and tinhorns who, however appalling, are so appealing that it seems safe to say even Mayor LaGuardia would have smiled upon them. Their heart-of-gold goodness may subtract from their reality but it adds to the amusements they provide because it makes acceptance of them effortless.

The evening's faintly fairy-tale quality is enhanced by the over-fancy words these mugs speak in sentences which retreat without warning from elegance and grammar. This fairy-tale quality is further strengthened by the tandem romances out of which Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows have fabricated a plot. The first of these tells how a gambler at last finds time to marry a night club entertainer to whom he has been engaged for fourteen years. The second, the more lyric of the two, chronicles the courtship of another gambler who, to his surprise and the disbelief of his crap-shooting cronies, loses his heart to a beautiful lassie who labors in a mission.

THERE is a kind of music to the very names of the males in "Guys and Dolls." Take, for example, Nicely-Nicely Johnson, Rusty Charlie, Harry the Horse, Nathan Detroit, or Angie the Ox. More than being a moniker, each of these is a jukebox melody. Equally fabulous are the clothes worn by these dice-artists. They are such suits as Broadway itself has never seen except in nightmares. Their colors are violent, their stripes wide as bridle paths, their vests cut as low as evening gowns.

All musical comedies present reviewers and their readers with ugly problems. But the gayer the musical, the more it seems fated to suffer in print. The reasons for this are obvious enough. Productions which are meant only as time-passers, "shows" whose justification is that they are "shows," are reduced to words. Before they are written these words are condemned to dullness because they attempt the impossible. They seek to analyze or describe in separate and static terms those fast-moving and

—Eileen Darby-Graphic House.

Isabel Bigley and Robert Alda—"toughness and sweetness."

** GUYS AND DOLLS, a musical fable of Broadway, based on a story and characters by Damon Runyon. Staged by George S. Kaufman. Music and lyrics by Frank Loesser. Book by Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows. Dances and musical numbers staged by Michael Kidd. Settings and lighting by Jo Mielziner. Costumes by Alvin Colt. Presented by Feuer and Martin. With a cast including Robert Alda, Vivian Blaine, Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, Pat Rooney, Sr., B. S. Pully, Stubby Kaye, Tom Pedi, Johnny Silver, Paul Reed, Netta Packer, etc. At the Forty-Sixth Street Theatre, New York City. Opened November 24, 1950.*

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fused pleasures which were designed to win laughter, to fill the eyes, and to enchant the ears.

Unification of the services, which is our military aim, is a theatrical fact in a production such as "Guys and Dolls." This is made jubilantly and excitingly clear in and at every turn throughout the evening. Yet, when it comes to untangling these intertwined sources of enjoyment in the hope of giving credit where credit is due, the resulting inventory is bound to make as dry reading as a laundry list.

Even so, gratitude and admiration force me to run the risk. I cannot praise too highly the ease, flow, and sparkle of Jo Swerling's and Abe Burrows's book; the dash and gaiety of Frank Loesser's lyrics and music, especially in so hilarious a number as "Take Back Your Mink" ("to from whence it came"); the style and energy of Michael Kidd's dance numbers, with particular approval for his distinguished staging of the crap game ballet which lends a hitherto unsuspected glamour to its sewer background; the imagination and color of the settings and costumes of Jo Mielziner and Alvin Colt; and the wonderful skill and precision with which George S. Kaufman has directed the whole proceedings.

My enthusiasm for "Guys and Dolls" is such that I must toss bouquets in an equally wholesale manner at the large cast which the producers could not possibly improve upon if they sat up nights trying to do so. Although to particularize is unfair, some mention, however inadequate, must be made of so delightful a newcomer as Isabel Bigley, who is enchanting as the lassie with the tambourine; of Vivian Blaine, whose night club entertainer is as superior a doll as can be found; and of Robert Alda and the ever dependable Sam Levene, both of whom play their gamblers with a gloriously funny mixture of that toughness and sweetness which makes the whole mood and approach of "Guys and Dolls" so different from the unflagging cynicism of "Pal Joey." Just where the secondary touts and tinhorns were recruited, I cannot guess, but certainly the place of their unearthing was the right one. A rowdier group of latter-day Hogarthians has never been rounded up without police aid.

It would be easy and it is tempting to raise the ante in a discussion of "Guys and Dolls" and to speak of it in long-haired terms as an example of popular art. But I happen to like it far too much to spoil anyone's fun, including my own, by doing so. Let me content myself with saying simply —it is not only grand entertainment, it is grand. —JOHN MASON BROWN.

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SRL Goes to the Movies

LÈSE-MAJESTÉ

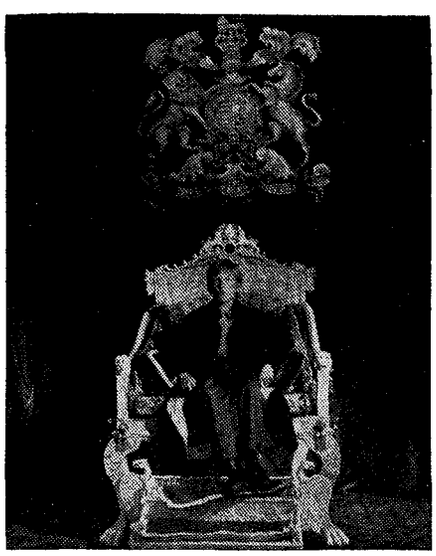
THAT SPLENDID British actor Alec Guinness, after surviving eight assassinations in "Kind Hearts and Coronets" and Mr. Priestley's fateful machinations in "Last Holiday," has finally succumbed in Twentieth Century-Fox's expensive new pageant, "The Mudlark."* In contrast to the other pictures, here the murder is merely metaphorical—but all the sadder on that account. Benjamin Disraeli survives in Nunnally Johnson's scenario, but Alec Guinness as Benjamin Disraeli goes under.

All too obviously the intention of this film was to humanize history and royalty. It has failed to do either. What happened in "The Mudlark" is what happens generally when Hollywood sets out to treat history, and especially English history. There is a sudden stiffening of the knees, an arching of the vocabulary that dispels all similarity to life. Sets are dressed in scrupulous imitation of the original. Throne rooms, bed rooms, kitchens, and cellars—one can count on all being accurate and authentic to the last detail. Costumes will be models of the copyist's art, while the make-up people add putty and plastic masks to the more conventional tools of their trade in rendering the physical facsimile of historical figures. But once the actors and actresses don their make-up, climb into their costumes, and move out onto the carefully dressed sets somehow the total effect adds up to Mme. Tussaud's. Amidst the trappings of reality, reality has vanished. Perhaps it has something to do with the respectful manner in which the camera gives way whenever *personages* are in the room. Queen Victoria holds an audience with Disraeli, and the camera hovers uncertainly on the fringes of the set, ready to withdraw at the first hint of royal displeasure. There is always too much room, too much air, between the players and their audience. This lack of intimacy serves to emphasize the actor as actor: Disraeli is Alec Guinness with wig and beard, and buried somewhere beneath Queen Victoria's padded gowns and features is Irene Dunne. Mercifully, the writing in these royal interviews is a bit less cramped and stilted than in some previous historical re-creations, but still they seem contrived and theatrical.

Oddly enough, this theatricality vanishes when "The Mudlark" turns to its proper hero, the little ragamuffin Wheeler. According to Theodore Bonnet, author of the popular novel on which this film is based, the mudlarks were homeless waifs who in Queen Victoria's glorious reign scavenged the Thameside. What they found they sold for bread. Wheeler comes upon a plaque of the Queen—and promptly falls in love with it. The picture reminds him of his mother. So fixed is his attachment that when some older boys pettishly toss the bibelot into the Thames, Wheeler leaps off the dock after it. He learns from the kindly watchman who rescues him that the Queen has secluded herself in Windsor Castle, still mourning the death of Prince Albert some fifteen years after the event. The boy wants to see the original of his picture and trudges off to Windsor.

All these opening episodes are splendidly created, capturing much of the special quality of Dickens's London and Dickens's poor. The photography is beautifully textured, catching the chill feel of dank stone, making tangible the grains of raw fog that swirl about little Wheeler. And there is intimacy, too, when Wheeler is our sole concern. The camera, playing close to his attractive, gaminesque features, registers an ignorant, frightened, purposeful little boy.

But then he comes to the Castle and gets mixed up with the adults, the *personages*. Disraeli is urging Victoria to return to her people. Her physical presence is wanted and needed in London. Wheeler's "outrage" in breaking into the Castle to see his Queen is interpreted as the temper of the people. The fate of Victoria's Reform Bill rests upon her willingness to appear again in public. Poor Wheeler weaves in and out of these episodes, jerked about by the script and an improbable court retainer named John Brown. The boy finally lands in the Tower of London, suspected of complicity in an Irish plot to kill the Queen. Disraeli makes political capital of Wheeler's notoriety to carry through the reform measure, and the Queen appears before her people again to open a foundling hospital.



Andrew Ray—"arching of the vocabulary."

WHEN Wheeler is on the scene "The Mudlark" abandons the royal pedestal. It seems to relax a bit. And this is not due simply to the extremely appealing performance and personality of young Andrew Ray in the title role. It has more to do with the way the picture moves, the way we see things as the boy would see them, enter into his sensations, share his perceptions. But the moment the Queen or Disraeli—or even some of the lesser royalty—enters the room the camera springs to attention. The photography becomes glossy and distant. Coldly, mechanically, respectfully, the camera records actors speaking words; but there is no hint that these words might be coming from human beings, from people with human emotions.

Produced in England by an American company using a part-American, part-British crew and cast, "The Mudlark" clearly owes whatever effectiveness it has to its English cousins. Perhaps the visiting Americans were too much on their good behavior. In any case Irene Dunne's natural exuberance has been effectively cloaked by the clothes and mask of Queen Victoria, the charm of her speaking voice converted into the hoarse, measured tones of an old woman. Hers is less a performance than an impersonation, a diligent but unpersuasive reading of an impossible role. Alec Guinness, scaling his performance to Miss Dunne's—whether because she was the star or because she was Queen Victoria it is difficult to say—rises to notable heights only once, in his impassioned speech to Parliament on behalf of enlightened social legislation. Beatrice Campbell, an English girl who appeared opposite Guinness recently in "Last Holiday," is attractive as a lady-in-waiting whose love must wait on royal consent. But only little Andrew Ray, the Mudlark, is free to soar. *Lèse-majesté* is both his crime and his triumph.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

**THE MUDLARK. Screen play by Nunnally Johnson, based on the novel by Theodore Bonnet. Directed by Jean Negulesco. Produced by Nunnally Johnson. Presented by Darryl F. Zanuck. Released through Twentieth Century-Fox. With Irene Dunne, Alec Guinness, Andrew Ray, Beatrice Campbell, Finlay Currie, Anthony Steel, Raymond Lovell, and others.*

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TV and Radio

BLESSED EVENT

TELEVISION, the bouncing baby, has delivered The Stork. And to further confuse this announcement (to say nothing of violating the rule to never split an infinitive) the father, Sherman Billingsley, is doing as well as may be expected as he labors five half-hours a week over CBS at seven o'clock (EST), joyously passing out bottles of perfume, which he manufactures as a sideline to running the fabulous Stork Club, where a moderator with voice to match the tinkling music and the gurgling champagne announces you may see "everyone you ever hoped to meet, everyone you ever dreamed of meeting."

This gimmick is obviously the "come on" to make you tune in again the next evening, because for some months now I have gone to bed to dream up people I would like to see at the Stork Club. I blush to admit I have had little success so far.

This, of course, is not Mr. Billingsley's fault, since I dream rather expansively. There has been, for instance, a repetitive dream of seeing on this program Niles Trammel, chairman of the board of NBC. And, unless I missed the program, another dream remains unfulfilled—seeing Mr. Billingsley chatting with Albert Einstein. Other dreamy Stork Club habitués I would like to meet have included Eleanor Roosevelt, Toots Shor, General Omar Bradley, and ABC's Robert Kintner.

Meantime I content myself with seeing people I would never in a million years dream of meeting. This is not merely a mild content. I am happily content despite the fact, let us say, that a boy and a girl who have never appeared in my dreams showed up the other night and announced they were just engaged. For these minor milestones Mr. Billingsley has two assistants. Miss Virginia Peine took charge here.

"When are you going to be married?" she asked the happy couple. They mentioned a month.

Miss Peine liked the month and then asked where they were going to live. They mentioned a swank suburb; Miss Peine liked the suburb. She then asked the boy what business he was in, and the boy said that at the moment he was in the advertising business; Miss Peine liked the advertising business for the moment.

She then said to the girl, "And I suppose you'll be staying home taking care of all those children."

Virginia Peine—"nobody laughed at all."

For some reason they all laughed hysterically.

The other assistant is Bobby Sherwood—for any man's show a talented musician, composer, singer, and performer. On "The Stork Club" he takes over in the Broadway department.

But it is Mr. Billingsley's interviews which intrigue me most. Having no reportorial background at all Mr. B. is entirely devoid of inhibitions. Bill Slater, for instance, on "Dinner at Sardi's" has briefed himself thoroughly on the latest activities of the celebrities he is to chat with. He has read the latest book the celebrity has written, has heard the latest opera the celebrity has sung, has seen the latest play in which the celebrity has starred, and so on.

But when Mr. Billingsley chats with his guests he comes almost immediately to the basic fundamentals. Having briefed himself briefly on what a guest does he wants to know right away how is business. He takes it for granted the guest is doing what he does well, so it's how well is he doing what he does so well.

The other night he was sitting with a Mr. and Mrs. Ford, who operate a model agency. The attractive Mrs. Ford was saying that most of their models come from out of town, and two cover girls were at this very moment in the Stork Club somewhere. As I sat up to follow the camera uncovering a couple of cover girls Mr. Billingsley stayed the roving camera and asked Mrs. Ford how much money she made running her model agency.

"Why Sherman!" gasped Mrs. Ford.

But her husband came to her rescue. He said they made ten per cent of the earnings of the models whom they placed on jobs. But Mr. Billingsley persisted. He wanted to hear the clink of a dollar sign. The Fords skirted the issue, and Mr. B. gave up and went over to interview the models.

The two girls were sitting with a young man. Mr. Billingsley came right to another basic fundamental. He wanted to know if one of the girls was going to marry the young man. Thus having got the young ladies off their best night-club guard he put the question: "How much money have you girls made in one of your best weeks?"

They were both taken aback in their backless gowns and tried to evade answering. There was some hemming and hawing, and finally one of the girls said to the other: "You go first." I thought this was a shrewd move on her part to top the figure mentioned by the other girl. But she didn't. The girl who went first said she had made some odd $800. The other girl confessed in extreme mortification that she had only earned some $780.

This was the rich dialogue Sherman wanted to hear, and he strolled to another table. I'm not sure but this might have been the night that Madame Pandit, Ambassador to the United States from India was there—the sister of Prime Minister Nehru. After a few moments of welcoming her to the Stork Mr. Billingsley said he supposed she kept her brother informed of what went on in Washington, while her brother told her what went on in India. The Ambassador was slightly startled but she managed a diplomatically pleasant reply.

The Stork Club engaged a new assistant the other night, the young, attractive daughter of Mr. B. Her name is Shermaine, and she shows promise of becoming somebody in her own right. She asked some guests just the right questions, she showed just the right amount of enthusiastic interest, and she floated gracefully in and out of camera range with a charm and poise which some of her father's best customers might well emulate.

Only once did she lose her ease. That was when Mr. Billingsley with pardonable pride put his arm around her and inquired of some guests: "Isn't she beautiful?" To which Shermaine with a becomingly embarrassed smile murmured, "Oh daddy, stop."

But daddy didn't stop. And let's hope he won't. His is the kind of Oklahoman freshness I never in my wildest dreams thought I'd ever meet at the fabulous Stork Club.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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Music to My Ears

THE MUSICIANS' GUILD—"FAUST" AND THE "BARBER"

THERE is about success sometimes something not unlike the unhappy agitation of failure, save that it often affects adversely what was initially good rather than merely weakening further a poor thing. I am thinking, in this connection, of the well-named and generally admirable Musicians' Guild, which annually gives a series of excellent chamber-music concerts in New York. In the modesty of a new beginning it contented itself for several postwar seasons with Times Hall, whose five hundred seats it snugly filled, with some customers turned away. Apparently, however, it was more concerned about the two hundred or so who couldn't get in rather than the six hundred who did. Now in Town Hall, which is too big for the fine rapport it formerly had with its listeners, it plays to a total of perhaps eight hundred. There are almost as many empty seats as full ones; and the audience has the feeling of taking part in a wake rather than a jubilee.

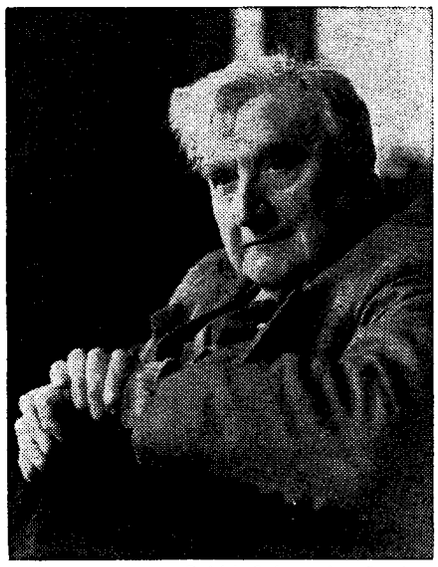
While waiting for a return to sanity —and to Times Hall—it may be observed that, whatever the faults of direction, the performers sustain a remarkably high average of execution. Almost every program has, amid several worthy works well played, at least one uncommonly interesting one superbly prepared. At this season's first program it was Vaughan Williams's evocative and expressive setting of six excerpts from Housman's "A Shropshire Lad," titled "On Wenlock Edge." Hardesty Johnson was the tenor, with the Kroll Quartet, and with Frank Sheridan at the piano.

Sometimes it is important to see a composer in the perspective both of his predecessors and his successors before one can measure truly his accomplishment. Vaughan Williams's long life span permits one to recognize while he is still alive how decisively he turned English composition from the indoor, Elgarian contemplation of certain "musty rules" to a more fertile panorama of soil and sky. Toward the end of "Bredon Hill," for example, there is a setting of a mere four lines out of which the whole atmosphere of "Peter Grimes" emerges. I don't say that Britten cribbed consciously from Vaughan Williams, but it makes for a much more orderly pattern of development to find such family resemblances.

I am not an authority on performances of "On Wenlock Edge" (there is a fine phonographic one by Peter Pears and the Zorian Quartet with the same Britten at the piano), but it can rarely have been better sung and played than it was by Johnson, the Krolls, and Sheridan. The tenor's mastery of both text and music was evident, and the integration of instrumental elements with the voice was beyond praise. Housman was honored as much as Vaughan Williams, which seems as much as need be said. Mendelssohn, Mozart, and Fauré were also drawn upon for a diverse and well-balanced program.

* * *

"Faust" and the "Barber of Seville" were the latest additions to the Metropolitan repertory in early December, each with welcome evidence of attention to ensemble and staging, both with a woeful lack of consequential talent to raise them above mediocrity, competent or incompetent. Jerome Hines's Mephistopheles has progressed little since last season, leaving his imposing frame and suitable voice without any suitably devilish impulse. Dorothy Kirsten's Marguerite is an old friend, as is Jussi Bjoerling's Faust; but neither endear themselves with repetition. Despite his nominal affinity with the project Fausto Cleva was wholly outside the musical matter of this score, creating suave patterns with little pungent relation to Gounod or to the general style of such a work. Antony Tudor's ballet group did its best work to date in the fourth act divertissement (not nearly the "Walpurgis Nacht" it was billed), but his young people as yet don't know their way around the big stage. It is both a better looking and more competent group than the opera has recently commanded, but it is still floundering.



—*British Information Services.*

Ralph Vaughan Williams — "fertile panorama of soil and sky."

As with "Faust," so with the "Barber": outlandishly ancient sets, tidied up a bit ("refurbished" is a fighting word at the Met these days) but weighing heavily upon the whole style and concept of the possible action. Every shabby trick in the repertory of Italian comedy was called upon by the cast of Lily Pons, Giuseppe Valdengo, Salvatore Baccaloni, Cesare Siepi, and Giuseppe di Stefano as if to trickle forth another laugh to keep the old boat from sinking. Somehow, we expected something rather more elevated from Director Bing than this kind of stop-gap fooling or the empty accuracy of the "Faust."

As Rosina, Lily Pons performed once more her famous disappearing act — that is, she made the twenty years of her Met service disappear to give the illusion of youth and vivacity, while singing ever softer and less audibly. Her over-ornamented melodic line went one way, that of the other singers another, as if the others were not rich enough, reputation-wise, to indulge in such display. Siepi's "Calunnia" was bravely sung, with power and dramatic restraint, to a genuine demonstration; but he had little support from anyone other than conductor Alberto Erede, who fashioned the musical score cleanly and with excellent rhythmic detail. Neither "Faust" nor the "Barber" reversed any recent trends downward in the Metropolitan production of these works; they merely arrested further decline and shored up obvious weaknesses.

* * *

In brief: Guido Cantelli's second broadcast with the NBC Symphony was another triumph of musical matter over manner of presentation up to the point where Haydn was abruptly terminated for a commercial. Though the first half hour was devoted to premieres of Milhaud's "Introduction and Funeral March" and Luigi Dallapiccola's "Marsia" Suite, the only verbal illumination had to do with RCA Victor television, Anacin headache remedies, and the Ford motor car. As a commentary on the pangs of a headache or the peril of a frozen radiator, Dallapiccola's fervent score had its graphic relevance, but I still would like to know what it was really about. We were on surer ground with the Verdi Overture to "Vespri Siciliani" and the Haydn Symphony No. 93. As for the summary throttling of the Haydn—it couldn't happen to Toscanini.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 21*)

young Freddy. A kind of Brett Ashley, a pair of Mosleyites, a Balkan political refugee, and others contribute variously to Freddy's learning.

The conflict of Grigor Munzek constitutes another story. Will he go home upon the completion of his studies and become part of the political corruption of his Balkan country, or will he remain in courageous self-exile?

Still another story, if it can properly be called one, is the present-day dilemma of F. Burgess Miller, nationally famous news commentator—our Freddy, now married and somewhat involved with the latest of his secretaries, who are as efficient in bed as in the office. F. Burgess is the narrator of the novel and he shuffles in and out of Freddy's tale, shifting with some embarrassment from the first to the third person and back again as though he, too, is not sure whether he and Freddy are really the same individual.

This is a major weakness of the book: the failure of Freddy Miller's English adventures to explain F. Burgess Miller's problem. For F. Burgess is simply a device to keep us waiting around until Grigor Munzek reaches his inevitable end as a cabinet minister in a Communist state.

The farcical account of Freddy's amorous exploits is very funny and very good. But the somber drama of Grigor Munzek as he struggles to maintain his ideals, his "Enlightenment," in the face of Communist pressure is not successful. Furthermore, the contrasting themes, one burlesque, the other tragic, are spoiled one by the other. Mr. Davidson's humorous portrayal of Freddy's difficulties isn't quite enough. Especially not enough for a man of David Davidson's ability.

—MARTIN BLUMENSON.

LOVE ME SAILOR, by Robert S. Close. Frederick Fell. $3. Why the comma was deleted from the title is something this reviewer cannot explain. Far better, though, if some of the many strong words of the he-man vocabulary had been omitted from the text of this excessively virile book, in which the word "rutting" is used so often as to lose all meaning. To be sure this is a sea story; the entire action takes place on a sailing ship, and such life is tough. The writing, it is assumed, is done by the second mate of the ship, which in any case is a mistake, because a man of Hawkins's temper cannot possibly gauge the sensibilities of his roommate, Ernie, in love with Miss Ella Miller, the sole chance passenger on the ship—"the rutting woman," as the writer refers to her with boring frequency.

The plot of one woman in a ship full of tough, sex-starved men is nothing new; it is legitimate movie stuff. Trouble, developing into tragedy, is indeed expected at the beginning, leaving the hero at the end "with a grief as immense as the ocean," and worse yet to come. The author achieves some dignity in describing life on a ship, a storm at sea, and all that, but fails dismally when he attempts the emotional phase. His amorous images indeed have an unintended comic aspect. Thus, Ella's "amber eyes sort of ran over my body like a trickle of hot fat." Again, "A strand of her hair blew up against my neck. . . . But it felt like a slash from a red hot knife. . . ." A dangerous woman, in short; but there is no real conviction here. It would have made a better story if the author had piped down a little.

—JOHN COURNOS.

CITY BEYOND DEVIL'S GATE, by Lillian Janet. Random House. $2.75. Virginia City of pre-Civil War California, rich with villainy and heroism, abounding in silver ore and political ambition, provides a romantic background for the love story of pretty Emily Fielding and attractive ex-preacher Dan McGrath. Dan has renounced his ecclesiastical profession for mysterious reasons and has taken a job with the town smoothie, Jason Feathers, a banker who is out to foreclose every loan he legally can in order to build his own dynasty from the confiscated mines. It is only when Emily's property is threatened by Feathers that Dan is roused from spiritual decline to preach against evildoing and to protect the rights of his sweetheart.

But the plot is thicker than this, and the theme more ambitious. The fact is, the composite authors known as Lillian Janet (who incidentally wrote a best seller some years back) have almost succeeded in playing a composite trick upon the casual

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

TREES

Grace Hoster, of Blackfoot, Idaho, is the author of this week's quiz. Initial letters of the missing trees in the quotations below spell the name of a British poet who died in 1844. Allowing thirty points for his name and five for each tree, a score of sixty is wooden, seventy is leafy, and eighty says you know your roots. Answers on page 34.

1. Elephints a-pilin'————
   In the sludgy, squdgy creek . . .
2. This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the————
   Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight . . .
3. She kneels beneath the huge————tree,
   And in silence prayeth she.
4. The scarlet of the————can shake me like the cry
   Of bugles going by.
5. And all at once the heavy night
   Fell from my eyes and I could see
   A drenched and dripping————-tree.
6. A poor soul sat sighing under a————tree;
   Oh willow, willow, willow!
7. Here once, through an alley Titanic,
   Of————I roamed with my soul—
8. O woman! . . . Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
   And variable as the shade
   By the light quivering————made . . .
9. Little we fear
   Weather without
   Sheltered about
   The————tree.
10. Every————and fir and hemlock
    Wore ermine too dear for an earl.
11. One could do worse than be a swinger of————
12. Beneath those rugged————that yew-tree's shade,
    the rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
13. And I sink on a seat in the shade
    Of a————tree. For my passion
    Wars against the stiff brocade.
14. Come down to Kew in————-time (it isn't far from London!)

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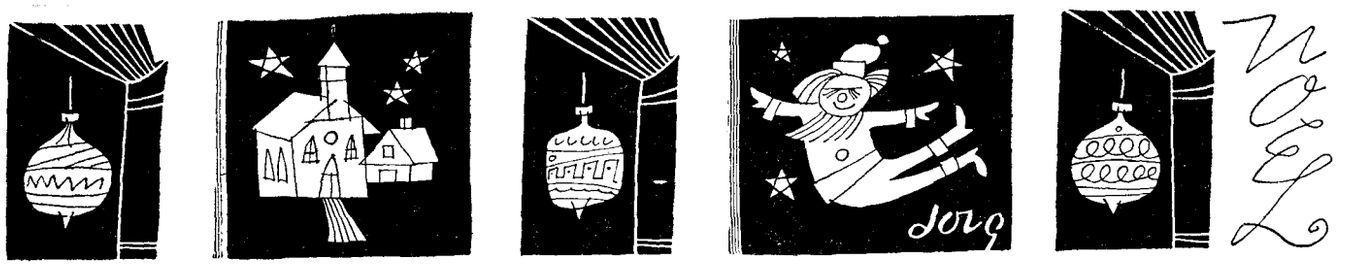

reader of the everyday romance. Their method has been to follow the standard pattern of the ready-made situation and the tattered recipe for two dimensional characters, but meanwhile introducing into the story such psychological complexity and vivid moral issue that the book seems strangely deflected from its normal melodramatic course. The struggle between the abolitionists and Southern states and the use to which this struggle is put by the political opportunists of the day become at times too real for mere background. And Dan McGrath's conflict, as it turns out, is a believably internal one: the spirit of revenge striving to usurp the vigors of his true aspiration. Emily shows a subtlety of motivation; even the cad Feathers is given a deeper impulse than sheer villainy. The melodrama suffers as the novel comes near to literary fullness and good writing.

Although it is always unsettling to see good and mediocre qualities in the same book the reader may be satisfied that an effort has been made to fill romantic character and historical incident with something better than straw. —JANE MAYHALL.

MOONEY, by William Brown Meloney. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. The best reason Tim Mooney had for getting drunk was that he couldn't find a good reason not to, which may make him seem rather weak and shallow; but being the only undertaker in a small town like Haviland was not an enviable position. Especially when it came to burying people who had been constant friends, wonderful people like Aggie Winters, liquor became more necessary than food and sleep. But if drinking helped to steady Mooney's hands it didn't help to stop him from remembering. "The trouble with memory was that once it started to flow you couldn't stop it." Mooney remembered how Old John the tramp printer married Big Mary, Haviland's two-dollar-a-night woman, and how Big Mary died at childbirth, wanting only to give her husband a healthy child. Then when Old John died Mooney had taken young Johnny to live with him in the rooms back of his funeral-parlor-furniture establishment. Grown into manhood Johnny showed promise of becoming a fine doctor, but when he fell in love with Mary and spoke of marriage Mooney feared it would ruin his career. Finally an accident, as ironic as all the happenings in the story, put an end to Mooney's fears.

Almost all of the principal figures in "Mooney" are outwardly disreputable characters. But the author has matched them so strongly against the bigots and hypocrites of Haviland's society that we see them only as brave and honest human beings. "Judge not, that ye be not judged" is what Mr. Meloney would have us remember. And though his story of Tim Mooney and the little town of Haviland is a serious and thoughtful one it is, nevertheless, thoroughly enjoyable.

—JOSEPH M. GRANT.

WE HAVE GIVEN OUR HEARTS AWAY, by Helen Topping Miller. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.75. This "bleeding hearts" novel seems to have stepped out of the pages of a women's magazine. Rarely have so many suffering people foregathered within one bookbinding. Like obedient puppets they get into all sorts of jams, romantic and otherwise, and are yanked out of them in due course.

Laura Blayde is a vivacious, understanding divorcée, prey of the town wolves and butt of the town wives. Her brother-in-law Harrison imagines himself in love with her when she provides a sympathetic ear for his domestic and business problems. Jim Eliot, a young real estate man who is almost too handsome and upright to be true, also loves Laura, but his intentions are more permanent. Then there are Judge Fowler, a pillar of society, his righteous invalid wife, and daughter Ellen, a really sad case. In an effort to free herself of her parents' stifling conventionality Ellen has a love affair with an Italian football star. But the "Continental way" is not for her, and she commits suicide after her mother's death. The minor characters have their assorted troubles, too. But except for a few mortalities along the way, all ends well for this folksy little group.

In an extraordinarily frank blurb the publisher declares, "As Mrs. Miller has ably demonstrated in many novels she knows her audience. She knows what they want and how to supply it." How true! Is there a chance, however, that her audience might object to the blatant bit of anti-Semitism in her delineation of the Goldwassers, the couple who buy the Blaydes' extravagant house? Such stereotypes are unintelligent, as well as unjust. —RAY PIERRE.

THE COVERED BRIDGE, by Herman Peterson. Crowell. $3.50. Readers of American historical fiction count on their pioneer women to be handsome heroines, strong of will and body and in a pinch handy with a gun. In golden-haired Zoann O'Day they not only are not let down but get a dividend in the form of her vision of empire. Of the son as yet unborn she prophesied: "I'll set him up a king." And through prescience, ruthlessness, executive ability, and a sharp trick or two, she did. That the prophecy might be fulfilled considerable post-Civil War blood was shed on the banks of New York State's Chenango river.

Since the Revolutionary era the O'Days had thrived as a farming dynasty in the fertile Chenango valley. From the sale of their hops and prize bulls they had security and comfort. That was not enough for Zoann, wife of gentle Michael O'Day, to pass on to her son. In staking out the empire of her dreams she put up a covered bridge and later built a sawmill. Both spelled ruin for Daniel Stone, which was the way the foresighted matriarch planned it. Over the years Daniel fought back with schemes of violence that kept the valley folk embroiled. Then he thought up a fiendish intrigue in which Zoann's empire came

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 873)

A. HUXLEY:

THEMES AND VARIATIONS

(From the Essay "Art and Religion")

Environment is never the sole determinant, and heredity is always at work, producing every variety of physique and temperament at every period of history. All the potentialities of human nature exist . . . and are to some extent actualized.

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close to destruction. As things turned out, her son was less an imperialist than a suitor of the mysterious copper-haired Diana. "The Covered Bridge" is the perfect scenario for action fans who, tired of Western and gangster movies, would welcome some novel set-tos in a fresh and beautiful historical setting.

—Ann F. Wolfe.

WREATH FOR ARABELLA, by Doris Leslie. Roy Publishers. $3. The checkered, inherently tragic and frustrated career of Arabella Stuart has been written into a vastly readable novel. Miss Leslie catches the full flavor of Elizabethan life, the roistering and ostentatious court with its dark undercurrents of fear and constant scheming, its strange Queen and constantly changing favorites and fortunes.

Arabella's fate was so shaped by intrigue in high places and at last so altered by her own reckless capacity to love passionately and completely that what was during her own day woven into the web of history by royal hands seems in ours more like fiction than fact. "Wreath for Arabella" is nevertheless historically correct, and the letters, diaries, and papers which have been referred to in creating its extraordinarily vivid background have been deftly utilized.

Daughter of Charles Stuart, Arabella was early left an orphan. The little girl spent her lonely childhood under the watchful eye of her hard and scheming grandmother. First cousin to James I, a kinswoman of Elizabeth, she was an important pawn in the plots and counterplots which were hatched in the courts of Europe and the great houses of England over the succession to the throne.

Beautiful in a provocative way, highly intelligent, self-willed, sensuous, Arabella had small difficulty at any time in enslaving her tutors and various other gentlemen whom she needed to further the various plots in which she herself, wisely or unwisely, became involved. She had the temerity to fall passionately in love with Essex, Elizabeth's favorite, an affair as hopeless as it was dangerous. The accession of James I brought her once more into favor at court, and James made her a handsome allowance. But her second love and secret marriage to William Seymour, grandson of Lord Hertford, brought imprisonment. Arabella managed an escape only to be sent to the Tower, where she languished until her death.

Individual, completely of her period, but vivid and alive, Arabella emerges from the pages of this novel like one of those incomparable Elizabethan miniatures. "Wreath for Arabella" is historical fiction at its best.

—Pamela Taylor.

BLAZE OF GLORY, by Agatha Young. Random House. $3. Agatha Young, who is a faculty member at the Yale School of Drama, displays a thorough knowledge of the theatre in her second novel, "Blaze of Glory." Since she is also an authority on costume design, her descriptions of the costumes, as well as the décor and manners of New York's 1880 gaslight era, have the ring of authenticity. Unhappily, her plot and style do not measure up to her glittering setting. She has peopled her stage with stock characters: the ambitious actress who uses every ruthless device to achieve success, the discarded husband, the admirer turned angel, the naive ingenue, the cynical but dedicated producer. While her writing has a certain vitality, it often becomes stilted, especially in long patches of dialogue.

Willoughby Cleveland—she was named for a railway stop in her native state—abandons her steelman husband in order to carve out a career behind the footlights. At the famous old United States Hotel in Saratoga she meets a handy millionaire and gets him to back a play, which promptly fails because "Willows" arrogant character is too much like the starring role to require any real acting. In the end she emerges a maturer and wiser woman, prepared to subordinate her own ego to the demands of her craft.

The novel's best-rounded, most interesting character is the producer Dubinsky, a martinet with an artist's sensitive perception. His peroration, pages 230-231, on the trials and pitfalls of one of the most exacting professions should prove helpful to aspiring young hopefuls.

—R. P.

A STRANGER ON THE STAIR, by Chapman Mortimer. McGraw-Hill. $2.50. Chapman Mortimer, Scottish born and educated, abandoned an established career as a commercial artist to write. He has worked at his new medium during service in the British and the Indian armies. Is this first book of his a first novel? Hardly. It is more like one or two drawings from a series of illustrations, menacing, unforgettable, unexplained. Or like something clipped from an extraordinarily powerful French film, whose details are so essential, so right, that they haunt the eye long after the screen is dark.

A man is looking for an address in a mean, dark street in Paris. Fastidious, well-to-do, he is unaccustomed to the neighborhood, apprehensive and uneasy. Finding the house he seeks, he climbs a shadowy, circular stair to confront a man of whom he has heard but whom he has never seen before. The strange, deformed man at whose door the stranger has knocked is Edouard, his brother's best friend. Will he supply the details of his brother's death?

In the shabby room, lit by one candle, Edouard unfolds the story of the stranger's twin brother, Charles. He came there to learn about life, wanting to see "poverty, vulgarity, vice." Tonton, the concierge's son, a cocky adolescent too old for his years and brutalized by his father's beatings, became his shadow. But when Tonton's girl, a starved little waif, shabby and frightened, who drifted in over the roof tops, joined them, a weird triangle developed. Edouard, waving his queerly expressive hands

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 392

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 392 will be found in the next issue.

LINEAR ISR DMSNAGFN

IEA GHNHIXXB

ACDXHPTOA.

.... IENLHE PDLMFASLIHAE

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 391

Society is a madhouse whose wardens are the officials and police.

—August Strindberg.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Teak, "On the Road to Mandalay," Rudyard Kipling. 2. Hemlock, "Evangeline," Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 3. Oak, "Christabel," S. T. Coleridge. 4. Maple, "A Vagabond Song," Bliss Carman. 5. Apple, "Renascence," Edna St. Vincent Millay. 6. Sycamore, "Willow, Willow, Willow," Thomas Percy. 7. Cypress, "Ulalume," Edgar Allan Poe. 8. Aspen, "Marmion," Sir Walter Scott. 9. Mahogany, "The Mahogany Tree," Wm. Makepeace Thackeray. 10. Pine, "The First Snowfall," James Russell Lowell. 11. Birches, "Birches," Robert Frost. 12. Elms, "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," Thomas Gray. 13. Lime, "Patterns," Amy Lowell. 14. Lilac, "Barrel Organ," Alfred Noyes. 15. The poet: Thomas Campbell.

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in the guttering light of the one great candle, goes over the tense tragedy for Charles's brother. This is all. A strange episode, suspended in time, without beginning and, although one has died, without end; a curious study of tensions and stresses, of improbable attraction and cruelty.

Or is there a further symbolic story concealed in this apparently isolated fragment? So menacing, so significant is the account Edouard gives we wonder whether the device of the twin listening to the recital of his brother's destruction is symbolic. We wonder, but we do not know. And for that reason, despite its atmospheric power, this is a tenuous and oddly frustrating piece of writing.

There is no question that Mr. Mortimer *can* write. He has a distinctive ability to draw—and the word is used deliberately—his characters so that they are almost visible to us; we all but see them during the narrative, but beyond them we do not see enough. It is too much like looking at night into a brightly lighted room where no one has drawn the shades.

—P. T.

NO SURVIVORS, by Will Henry. Random House. $2.75. Compounded of fact and fancy, here is a detailed sketch of "the vanished hostile horsemen of the Great Plains tribes," who ultimately though unwillingly surrendered to the numerical superiority of the white man following Custer's last stand. There is little doubt that the author has succeeded in presenting a roll call of Indian personalities whose exploits will fascinate and often hypnotize the reader. But whether, in attempting to read the minds of such men as Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull, he has given us a true picture of Indian temperament, psychology, and philosophy is something this reviewer would not care to decide. Suffice it to say that Mr. Henry has written a remarkably vivid and dramatic account of the tribal life and gradual downfall of a people who have certainly been given "a horrible literary deal by preceding historical fictioneers."

The blame for the story's shortcomings can be laid directly to the improbability of its narrator-hero, Confederate Colonel John Clayton, adopted son and chief of the Sioux for ten years. The reader must suffer Clayton-Cetan Mani's tale of his romance with North Star and endless daredevil antics in order to enjoy the exciting and colorful passages in the book. And if the interpretation of events herein presented is truly accurate, General Custer will go down in future history books as a very brave but stupid man, who sacrificed his soldiers to Indian vengeance for no valid purpose.

—J. M. G.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE LEPRECHAUN MURDERS *Adrian Reynolds* (Phoenix: $2)	Professor Dennis Barrie meets man-cum-leprechaun in a bar and is drawn into mixture of murder and myth, emerging minus leprechaun successfully.	Mystery has tough struggle against quaintness of sons and daughters of Erin and whimsical data of ventriloquist's dummy and secret passages.	Amusing but confusing
NEVER FIGHT A LADY *Seldon Truss* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Even Sir Charles believed son Tommy guilty of assaults on tarnished London ladies—and of murder. But Jacqueline loved Tommy and wouldn't let Scotland Yard go wrong.	Writing excellent and skip-proof; plot's Stalin-stooge involvements improbable, but action, suspense, and year's nicest heroine all tops.	Fun
THE SILENT PARTNER *Kathleen Moore Knight* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Tevan Jones came back to Florida, at appeal of girlhood friend, to find mysterious land deals, danger, murder—and with help of Chief Crandall finally the culprit.	Good Spanish-moss Florida atmosphere, writing literate; but complications far-fetched and ending out-Hamleted with strewn corpses.	Good average job
THE BLACK SMITH *Constance & Gwenyth Little* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Judith takes on head nurse job at country hospital and finds it includes missing persons, mayhem, and murders.	Billed as "mad combination of mirth and murder." Delete "mirth" for accuracy and take in small doses if at all.	No

"PREJUDICED SMEAR"

(*Continued from page 16*)

job is fact-finding. The President and Attorney General make policy. The FBI's wire-tapping policy was established by Franklin D. Roosevelt in a 1940 directive, wherein he "authorized and directed in such cases" as the Attorney General might approve the use of wire-tapping in instances involving internal security. Attorneys General Jackson, Biddle, Clark, and McGrath have since adhered to this policy, which was reaffirmed by President Truman after he entered the White House. Some lawyers who should know better, including Lowenthal, raise the issue of illegality in the interception of telephone calls. Mr. Justice Jackson when he was Attorney General, in a widely published statement of March 20, 1941, stated: "There is no Federal statue which prohibits or punishes wire-tapping alone. . . . The courts do not stop people from tapping wires—no one has ever been or under present law could be convicted of that by itself. What has been stopped is the use of the evidence to enforce the laws against criminals."

The FBI has never attempted to conceal that it taps telephones. But each installation must be authorized by the Attorney General; the authority does not rest with the FBI. Its wire-tapping is not indiscriminate, and evidence obtained in this manner is not used in court. Lowenthal would have the reader believe differently, as would other critics of the FBI.

No one has fought harder against a national police than J. Edgar Hoover, yet Lowenthal falsely and without justification accuses him of aspiring to head such an organization. In May 1950 Mr. Hoover described the Communists as the most dangerous and one of the most powerful forces in the United States. But, says Lowenthal, ". . . some informed authorities believe otherwise today as in the past." Events refute them.

After reading this book no fair-minded person can but ask the question: Why? Why should any individual write this way? What would impel someone to go so far from truth to smear another individual or organization, and why, as has been charged on the floor of Congress, should the author level his smear in 1950 as we are arming to repel Communism?

I shall not answer that question, but the author raises one that I will answer: is the FBI "good enough, right enough, efficient enough to carry out its job?" It is!

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Publishers' Corner

LESSONS FROM THE PAPER COVERS: PART III

WHAT have original hard-book publishers gained from the efforts of the 25¢ pocket-sized reprint publishers in their phenomenal growth? (Since 1939, the 25¢ reprints have moved from 3,000,000 to 200,000,000 copies a year. Other book sales far, far less.) Here are five pluses for the more expensive hard-cover books.

1. Our guess is that the 25¢ publishers pay original publishers (collectively for division with authors) somewhere between $1.7 million and $1.9 million a year. A good deal of that is for rights on certain books (Westerns, mysteries) from which subsidiary revenue was negligible in the past. Sales to reprint houses are an important function of hard-cover publishing; the fact that they are going well should be a matter of rejoicing.

2. The 25¢ book has surely extended the public for book reading. The development of a taste for a certain kind of book or a certain author, acquired as a result of reading a 25¢ book, accords a direct increase in sales of an original edition and the future books of the author introduced by a reprint. There may also be an increase in sales once removed, such as lending library rentals, public library purchases, etc. And an extension in readership favorably increases the potential for the sale of other rights such as motion picture, radio, television, magazine serialization, and newspaper serialization. The growth in stature of many authors is to a very substantial degree traceable to the market they have found at the quarter-book level.

3. Some reprint houses advance money to an original publisher or guarantee his risk in return for the early submission of books for 25¢ contracts.

4. Quarter-book publishing offers a very accurate measurement of what the public wants. So there is a considerable plus to an original publisher stemming from the statistical knowledge of the 25¢ publisher. This, we think, is the finest opportunity for a realistic approach to the reading taste of the American public. The statistics make some opinionated publishers, critics, authors, and educators unhappy—since they sharply vary from their own preconceived notions. But it is very hard to get away from facts. Intelligent editors in original publishing houses do (or should) continuously consult with those in reprint houses and keep thoroughly conversant with their statistics.

5. New, effervescent iconoclasts with good business brains have been added to the book business. These are able jobbers or wholesalers (some with separate book departments) and news-company officials—all turning new energies to book distribution. These breakers of book merchandising idols are extraordinarily well acquainted with local sales-building problems. They offer a nucleus for the future expansion of all book sales.

IN THIS and the two preceding instalments I have told very briefly the story of the healthy development of a new American book business. Yet it ought to be said quickly that this is a risky business with profits at a fraction of a cent per copy—if one can produce and sell a million or more books a month. That income is subject to all sorts of taxes and a lot of other problems. Let's list a few.

One is the inventory liability. One large company has 20,000,000 books in its own or wholesalers' warehouses, or in the dealers' racks. Until they are sold they are a healthy responsibility. We've been around when it was found essential for reprint houses to write off up to 50 per cent of their inventories.

The 25¢ industry operates in an area of intense competition with magazines and newspapers. Paper-covered books are an adjunct to the magazine and newspaper distribution system; they begin with the position of third fiddle. As a result, 25¢ publishers must finance large, aggressive sales and checking forces, with correspondingly heavy costs in field salaries and traveling expenses and high investments in racks to fight for fair display.

The retailer problem is tough. This part of the book business is essentially a self-service operation, operating through retailers who neither know nor care about the product they are selling. All they seek is a satisfactory return for the space given the racks and books. There is no intelligent relationship between the retailer and his customers; the entire burden is thrown on the customer. That adds great burdens, possibly answered by covers, blurbs, posters, point-of-sale advertising—all pretty expensive.

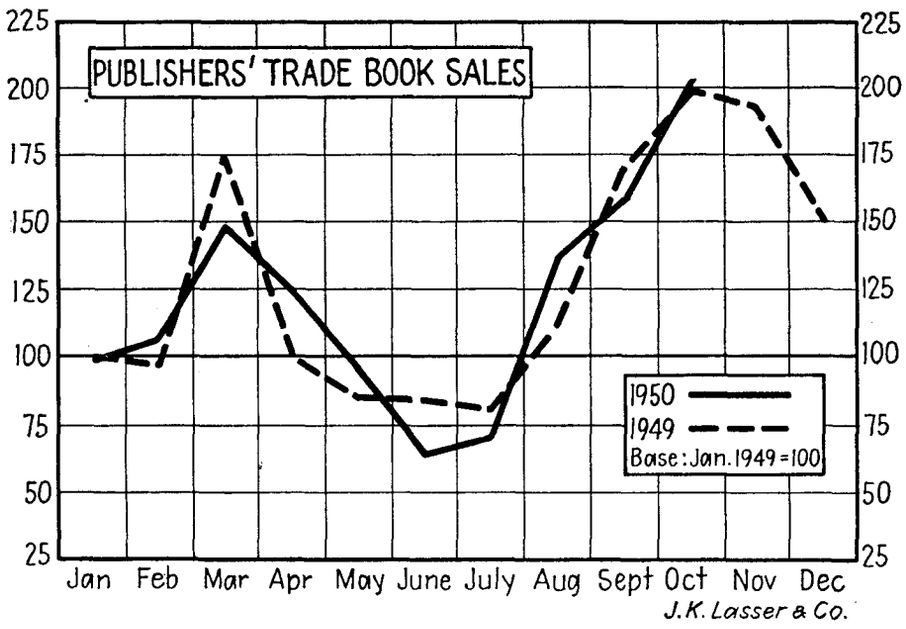
There is one other serious matter. The historic pattern of the paper-book business includes wildcatting and overproduction, the issuing of large quantities of inferior material, the use of pornographic art and copy, the attempts to avoid returns by costly premiums to dealers or jobbers. This sort of publishing can become very expensive. Some experts tell me the current outlook indicates the disappearance of serious offenders. That may be part of shaking the business down into a more permanent pattern.

But at least this can be said optimistically: we have had a decade of experimentation with venture capitalism of an uninhibited variety, which has created a great new reading public and great consumer benefit.

* * *

In October trade-book sales were 105 per cent of those in the preceding October. The sales for the first ten months were 99 per cent of the same period in 1949. Our index covers the sales to all sorts of distributors.

—J. K. LASSER.



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"A WHOLESOME THING"

(*Continued from page 15*)

pierced this iron curtain and this above-the-law and above-the-public attitude at a number of vital points. This book cannot be downed by smear. Despite the FBI policy of concealment of facts on the one hand, and the promotion of only favorable stories on the other, the author has carefully observed from experience, exhaustively researched available materials, and brought logic to bear in his analyses. The book is must reading for all Congressmen and all other public-spirited citizens. It must serve as the text until some superior force, administrative or legislative, shows the wisdom and the courage to treat this thing as an agency of the public and lays the hidden facts open to the pitiless glare of publicity. The fact that the FBI apologists can come forward with secret "facts" from Hoover's private files only serves to underscore the point that this public agency should be open to scrutiny.

The book takes on added character and significance because Max Lowenthal is its author. It is the product of true workmanship. Despite the great scope of the work the depth of research and the documentation give authenticity to each chapter. A secret police-state cannot thrive so long as enough responsible citizens display the courage and understanding of a Max Lowenthal.

That the Bureau has expanded is a necessary result of the problems of our modern era. As an essential corollary, if freedom is to survive, the excesses and illegalities of the secret police must be curbed. Of great validity was the vision of Harlan F. Stone when he assumed the office of Attorney General. He promptly restricted FBI activities to conform to the law and publicly stated:

> There is always the possibility that a secret police may become a menace to free government and free institutions because it carries with it the possibility of abuses of power which are not always quickly apprehended or understood . . . it is important . . . that its agents themselves be not above the law or beyond its reach.

Yet it is axiomatic that secrecy and power tend to corrupt. Little wonder that fifteen years later a Senate committee (Truman, Barkley, Bone, Minton, Wagner, White, Austin, Tobey, and Reed) found and catalogued nine illegal excesses of the FBI. Wire-tapping is another such instance. For there the Bureau moves in defiance of the Criminal Code and the clear-cut decisions of the Supreme Court in the two *Nardone* cases. Such abuses demonstrate the Bureau's current above-the-law attitude. Professor Zechariah Chafee has wisely said: ". . . to say that because you have a desirable purpose you have a right to disregard the law, is a revolutionary attitude."

But neither a Stone nor a Chafee is Attorney General. And the FBI, both carelessly and ruthlessly rides high on the crest of public hysteria. It is in such a milieu that a strong secret police force may imperil the liberties of a free people. Max Lowenthal has laid bare enough solid facts to arrest the attention of the intelligent citizen, the President, and the Congress. He has rendered the nation a great service.

"It may be a stimulating half hour to you but it's a pain in the neck to me."

ASIA

(*Continued from page 14*)

bounded enthusiasm and wide range of activities other than writing.

Although the author wisely refrains from political comment he does record many interesting chats with politicians and conspirators. He seems to have an ability to ferret out a prospective interview in the time it would take most of the rest of us to find a hotel room, and while this was no doubt pleasing to the *Sun-Times* it lends a peculiar breathlessness to the book. Mr. Booth forgets to let the reader out of the rickshaw for a breather between interviews. The destinations are fabulous all right, but their telling is a little too hectic.

Asia Notes

FIFTH CHINESE DAUGHTER, by Jade Snow Wong. Harper. $3. There is only one thing that could possibly be found wrong with this delightful autobiography, and that is lack of a postscript on the placement officer in chapter twenty-two. Did the college dismiss her, or is she still on the campus dispensing rudeness and racial prejudice?

Fortunately, Jade Snow, fifth daughter in the Wong family, could afford to ignore this woman's cruel and unprofessional advice. Twenty-year-old Jade Snow, child of San Francisco's Chinatown, was spirited and independent. An honor graduate of Mills College she had already made an auspicious start as a novice in the field of ceramics. Today, at twenty-eight, she is one of the country's outstanding ceramics artists.

In the decorous household of Jade Snow's childhood, only Chinese was spoken, and the children lived their disciplined lives to the rhythm of sewing machines. Daddy Wong had a small garment factory in his home. By the time Jade Snow was eleven she was not only excelling at studies in both public school and Chinese evening school but had taken over the cooking and housework for the exacting Wong family. Daddy and Mama were kind and just, but they taught by the traditional means of ex-post-facto punishment and not by monitory precept.

At high school and college Jade Snow found herself taught between the ceremonious, etiquette-bound worlds of her Oriental ancestors and the easy-going modern world of her American classmates. Without losing the old point of view she adjusted

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herself to the new and gradually found a middle way. She was amazed to learn that an individual's point of view, even a fifth Chinese daughter's, is important. This was a foreigner's theory that shocked Daddy. He was outraged when his unfilial daughter went to the movies with a boy.

Jade Snow's moment of vindication came at the Mills commencement when Daddy asked if he might photograph his Phi Beta Kappa daughter together with the college president, and when not long afterward Jade Snow won a much publicized newspaper contest, Daddy actually gave her an American handshake. The family had been "glorified by a female."

Let us hope that the publishers sent a copy of "Fifth Chinese Daughter" to that placement officer.

—ANN F. WOLFE.

VANISHED TRAILS: THE LAST OF THE VEDDAS, by R. L. Spittel. Oxford University Press. $3. The Veddas are an ancient primitive race originally of Australoid and Negrito blood, whose survivors inhabit southeastern Ceylon. They are dwarfish (averaging perhaps five feet), monogamous, of low mentality, and traditionally cave-dwellers. When still a fairly numerous people they were adept at poisoning water to catch fish and scaling the most treacherous cliffs to gather honey. Their meat diet derived from the langur (leaf-monkey) and samabhur (Indian elk) that they shot with bow and arrow. Possessed by a rigorous demonology they were nevertheless shy, trusting, and cheerful. By now the Singhalese have almost entirely absorbed the remaining handful of Veddas: they speak Singhalese, cultivate Singhalese *chenas* (stockaded jungle clearings), live in Singhalese bark huts, and fire Singhalese rifles.

Dr. Spittel, as in his previous "Savage Sanctuary," has tried to provide in narrative form an accurate anthropological record of the former culture of the Veddas, along with an account of their reduction before advancing Ceylonese society. It is a pleasure to find "Vanished Trails" (but what a miserable title—it reminds one of Boy Scouts investigating the Appalachians) as skilled and vivid as a work of fiction and also presumably authoritative in its scientific aspects. It would be impossible to summarize the story. It sprawls over three generations, and the heroic hunts it portrays, the aborted jungle romances, the illnesses and starvation, the death by ax and bear-claw—these episodes, though stirring in themselves, are understandable and meaningful only as parts of Dr. Spittel's whole tragic history of the modern Vedda.

—CHARLES SPIELBERGER.

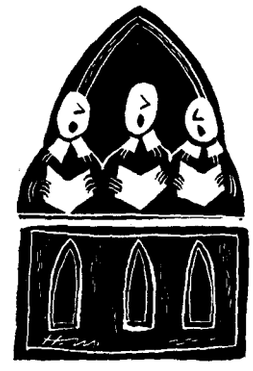
HOW TO LIVE IN TWO WORLDS

(*Continued from page 8*)

of it is gained through our senses, and the progressive increase and clarification of this is the glory of the sciences. But in addition to an ability to gain such objective knowledge let us not forget that each of us also occupies a strategic position *inside* a living being and can thus come into immediate contact with other realities about which science as yet is able to tell us little. From that deep living core within, where matter, energy, and life are so inextricably mingled, there rises into consciousness a throng of emotions, passions, longings, loves, and hates, the whole gamut of inner urgencies that constitute the human *spirit*. Thence, and not from the cold calculations of reason, comes the motive power that drives us on. Whatever we may think of the origin of these emotions, however we may relate them to chemical and physical changes in our brain cells, they exist and offer access to qualities in the universe not to be gained in any other way, to realities less demonstrable than those of science but often no less vivid and significant.

One of these is beauty, the subtle quality that stirs in us a sense of glory and delight in particular sights or sounds or mental images. Beauty speaks to something original and primitive in men. What it is we do not clearly understand. It is not material or measurable but rather a harmonious pattern in nature, awakening in our hearts a warm response. Whatever our creed or philosophy we crave beauty and gladly agree that it is admirable and its enjoyment a high privilege.

Close to beauty is goodness. Through all history man at his best has yearned for what seemed high and right and fine, difficult to distinguish as these often proved to be from baser qualities. One may discount such longings and write them off as psychological conditioning, but they are universal and persistent. From such deep compulsions come those deeds of high humanity and devotion that our race has always most revered.



Beyond these two is a sensitivity to a still more profound quality that man has called divine. He is overwhelmed at times with a sense of something indescribably wonderful, a feeling of awe and reverence before the presence of what to all generations has seemed to be the spiritual core of the universe, a Being akin to himself, but infinitely greater and worthy of reverence and worship. Upon the validity of such experiences does all religion ultimately depend. They are the foundation for faith.

OUR sensitivity to these qualities is not so much through the mind—though this too is involved—as through a deeper responsiveness, a more primitive, direct, instinctive, almost physiological relationship. To each of the three our response is much the same. Many who grant the reality of beauty and goodness will deny the existence of anything that could be called divine, but whatever can be said for the existence of one applies in essence to all three, for they merge into each other and seem aspects of the same great unity. Our longings for them may be distorted or denied, but the needle of the spirit always at last swings back toward the high qualities of which these feelings serve as witnesses. They exist. Men find them. We may widely disagree as to their character—as in the controversies today about poetry and the arts—but real they certainly are and with a reality which to most men is the deepest one of all. A recognition of the existence of these spiritual values and a strong allegiance to them has long distinguished Western idealism. This is its answer to a materialistic philosophy that scorns whatever is not based on tangible and measurable things.

How, then, can the contrasting values of science and idealism, of mind and spirit be knit into a common platform of belief without sacrificing that which is essential in each? How can we learn to live consistently in both worlds at the same time?

Such a platform surely must recognize the vast new insights that science has provided. No philosophy that challenges these, no deliberately unintelligent religion, no pretensions to human infallibility can hope to gain man's final assent. If we refuse to use our minds we become intellectual renegades and the truth is not in us. Where science can speak with certainty it must be heeded. The wisdom and experience of great souls in the past and the revelations of the truth which came to them and were transmitted to us are indeed worthy of reverence, but where these are in con-

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flict with the clear findings of the sciences their authority must be rejected. Science, too, respects truth gained in the past but builds new truth upon it and never puts this into static creeds to bind its growth. "It would be a shock," said A. S. Eddington, "to come across a university where it was the practice of the students to recite adherence to Newton's laws of motion." Many long for a written guarantee of truth or for a church that can infallibly pronounce upon it, but truth can never thus be bound within the limits of a dogma.

The arrogance of materialistic dogmatism is equally to be avoided. Science itself is still far from solving its own problems, and the next century or two are bound to change not only its facts but doubtless its very concepts. This is no time for absolute certainties. How matter and spirit are related we cannot tell. Perhaps between them there may be the same sort of "complementarity" that Niels Bohr assumes between classical and quantum mechanics—two ways of looking at the same reality. But, in the midst of so much still unknown, to deny the reality of spiritual qualities or their value for an understanding of the universe is to follow the naive materialism of the nineteenth century. Life has a far richer background than such a philosophy ever can provide.

The extremists on both sides, of course, will refuse to stand on any common platform save by the unconditional surrender of their opponents. The very idea that emotional experiences can tell us anything about the universe beyond the content of our own consciousness is simply preposterous nonsense to the tough-minded. At the other pole are those who regard a critical attitude toward "revealed" truth and a repudiation of dogmatic authority as a blow at the foundation of their deepest certainties. Both cannot be right, but they seem hopelessly unable to agree. And yet the disciplines of mind and of spirit, freed from the limitations imposed by their more extravagant proponents, are far from incompatible. Indeed, they can vigorously reinforce each other. Mind helps throw off the shackles of ancient ignorance, and spirit those of intellectual provincialism. If *both* could be recognized by all as avenues to truth and if each were respected by supporters of the other then for everyone there would be available a basis of fundamental agreement, limited enough to exclude the extremes of difference that now divide us but with sufficient breadth to provide for the growth there, in profusion and diversity, of the many secondary faiths and beliefs that men now hold. Aside from mutual respect for such differences this platform should also require complete freedom for thought and expression, foster a critical attitude but recognize as well the frequent necessity for faith where so much is still unknown, and encourage both the spirit of adventurous exploration and a respect for the great ideas and discoveries of the past. Upon such a comprehensive foundation, based on the twin supports of mind and spirit—or, if you will, of science and religion—hosts of men now stand, and on it a common culture for all mankind could hopefully be erected.

To attain anything like general acceptance of such a broad basis for unity, however, will doubtless long remain impossible. It faces practical obstacles almost insurmountable. A proposal to bring under the same philosophical roof — broad though it might be—Communists and Roman Catholics and adherents of humanism and of Protestant fundamentalism needs only to be stated to show its present absurdity. Deeply rooted beliefs are so mixed with sentiment and prejudice that to alter them will require the utmost exercise of sympathy and wisdom. But if the high *affirmative* qualities of these philosophies could be combined and if there were nourished a mutual respect for the points where still they differ—the goal we seek would not be far away.

This, over the years, is a task for statesmanship in science, philosophy, and religion, toward tolerance, good will, and a sincere attempt to discover values in viewpoints different from our own. The schism which divides mankind into two great camps today and threatens his very survival is, at bottom, a consequence of the competition for his allegiance between the two great realms of mind and spirit. We should not regret this but rejoice in it, for these are the two elements that make a whole man. Out of the tension between them character is born. Man is half ape and half angel, half matter and half spirit. Herein lies his glory, his tragedy, and the possibility for him of tremendous things. Unless he learns to live in these two worlds he will never find unity or peace. Only by using the wisdom of both can he heal the breach that now brings strife into his ranks and discord into his heart. Only by trusting both can he fulfill his destiny.

Edmund W. Sinnott is professor of botany and dean of the Graduate School of Yale University. He is the author of "Principles of Genetics" and other works.

HERE ARE THE
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MACMILLAN

PAUL GRIFFITH

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TRADE WINDS

(*Continued from page 6*)

hoped to bring a few of seven authors with him. Before a year was up six of them were all contracted with Random House and still remain—not only Sinclair Lewis but also Vincent Sheean, William McFee, and Mignon G. Eberhart.

ALL told, Doubleday—either willingly or unwillingly—has done some pretty nice things for Random House. In 1937 Lewis Miller left his old firm to become Random House's sales manager. Things immediately started booming. While Random House had published many distinguished and illustrious books none of them, except the Modern Library books, had ever passed the magic 100,000 copy figure. It wasn't until the mighty Miller put things on a real business basis that Random House books appeared with some regularity on the best-seller lists. Haas, Klopfer, and Cerf give large credit to Lew Miller for the whopping sales of "The Young Lions," "A Rage to Live," and "Cass Timberlane."

Bennett Cerf himself is one of the best salesmen in the publishing industry. Yet he has always seemed to be more interested in telling stories to booksellers than in getting them to buy large quantities of Random House books. I recall having lunch one day with Bennett after his first selling trip to the Pacific Coast. I asked him if he felt he had accomplished anything constructive. He replied, "It was a huge success, because now when the booksellers return packages of Random House books they know to whom to address the label."

One of Cerf's first selling experiences was in Boston; for that reason plus the facts that many New York shows open there and the Ritz Carlton is such a pleasant hotel he had made it his business to sell more often in Boston than anywhere else. On one of these trips, he ran into Bob Linscott, then in the editorial department of Houghton Mifflin. They became such good friends that Bennett—possibly with an eye to keeping Liveright's expense account down as much as possible—made it a habit to make his headquarters in Linscott's Pinckney Street home. History does not record whether it was on his first or second visit that Bennett, after his third highball, said to Bob, "If I ever go into publishing, I'd like you to come along with us." It was more than fifteen years later—in 1941—that Linscott joined forces with Random House. Not only did he bring with him a number of distinguished writers but he was, along with Jess Stein, also a key figure in the preparation and publishing of the "American College Dictionary."

In practically every business firm there is a man most people don't hear about but who actually is one of the most important persons in the organization. In the case of Random House this is Emanuel Harper who has been with the firm since its inception. Today he is assistant treasurer, in charge of personnel and foreign rights, as well as the head of the contract department. All business details not handled by Haas are handled by Harper.

Twenty per cent of Random House common stock is owned in varying allocations by not only Harper but also by Bob Linscott, Saxe Commins, Lew Miller, Harry Maule, Louise Bonino, head of the juvenile department, and Ray Freiman, in charge of production. There are about a half-dozen others who also participate in this stock. All the remaining stock is owned one-third each by Haas, Klopfer, and Cerf.

As with many other publishing houses the partners do not work in sealed compartments but overlap into various provinces. Thus all of the three partners are concerned with editorial affairs and each has his own authors. While Aaron Sussman, who does the Random House advertising, may often be found in the offices of Klopfer and Haas it is actually Cerf who supervises advertising and publicity. Visitors to Random House may often find Haas reading a new manuscript by one of his writers. Nevertheless he is chiefly responsible for the *business* business (as opposed to the *publishing* business) of the firm: corporate and administrative matters are gladly referred to him by Klopfer and Cerf.

Don Klopfer, once the roving center in an amateur football game we all played, still remains roving center at Random House. In the days when he sold books on the road he was extremely popular, and when the Random House salesmen visit the bookstores today they are often asked, "When will we see Don again?" Today he supervises sales as well as production. Klopfer is just as pleasant and gracious to the people he buys from as the people he used to sell to. Both Klopfer and Haas have what they call an allergy to personal publicity.

IT IS now twenty-five years since Bennett stopped me on the street in Boston and blurted out his youthful hope to become one of the great publishers of the United States. When I asked him a few days ago to check my memory on some of the things in this piece, his recollections coincided largely with mine. But he tells me that he didn't make—that he couldn't have made—any such prediction. He was generous enough to say that if I remembered it that way and thought it a good story that I ought to let it be printed that way. So I have left it, not only because it worked out the way I recall Bennett had said it but also because the prediction was accurate. Random House today is one of the great publishing houses. It has been made so not only by Bennett Cerf's extraordinary ability and energy, but equally by his genius in joining forces with men who share his flairs, ambitions, and his publishing talents. Try and Stop *Them*.

—RICHARD L. SIMON.

Best Sellers of a Quarter Century

Modern Library

"OF HUMAN BONDAGE," by W. Somerset Maugham	222,000	copies
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"THREE SOLDIERS," by John Dos Passos	167,000	"
"THE WAY OF ALL FLESH," by Samuel Butler	147,000	"
"MADAME BOVARY," by Gustave Flaubert	142,000	"
"SWANN'S WAY," by Marcel Proust	130,000	"
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"A FAREWELL TO ARMS," by Ernest Hemingway	87,000	"
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Modern Library Giants

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"DON QUIXOTE," by Miguel de Cervantes	50,000	"
"THE IDIOT," by Fyodor Dostoievsky	42,000	"

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER ALBUM NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
MODERN STRINGS		
PROKOFIEFF: SONATA FOR TWO VIOLINS ALONE, OP. 56 (1933). MOZART: DUO IN G MAJOR, K. 423 (VIOLIN AND VIOLA). Louis Persinger, Arnold Eidus, violins; Rolf Persinger, viola. Stradivari LP: SLP 1001 (10″)	Excellent sound, live and full, but not exaggeratedly so. Modest highs, low distortion. The recording does much to make one feel the music as "large," easily equivalent to works for more extensive instrumentation; a good example of successful engineer-musician cooperation.	The Prokofieff is a moving work, superbly written for the two violins—atmospheric, expressive, with astonishingly little feeling of limitation; one quickly forgets the medium. Prokofieff at his very best. The Mozart, with double-stops galore, is rich, full, nearest to a small concerto in sound. Excellent playing—couldn't be better.
KODALY: SONATA FOR CELLO ALONE, OPUS 8 (1915). Janos Starker. Period LP: SPLP 510	A super-realistic close-up of the cello—it's almost in your lap—with sharp highs, enough liveness for natural effect. A stunning recording from France. String players should study assiduously! Anyone can enjoy it.	An effective piece and some astonishing cello playing. This, too, makes one forget the "unaccompanied" aspect; a highly moody oriental-style Hungarian work, folk-tinged. Starker is phenomenal, a fabulous cellist.
SCHONBERG: "VERKLARTE NACHT," OP. 4. (ORIGINAL STRING SEXTET). Hollywood Str. Quartet; P. Robyn, vla., K. Reher, cello. Capitol LP: L-8118 (10″)	Good deal of this is at quite low level (composer's fault!) but dynamics are well managed. Slightly dry acoustics—exactly right. (Schönberg was in on this entire project, writes the accompanying notes.)	The original sextet shows up as a much less neurotically hepped-up work than string orch. version. Many who can't take it thus will find this true chamber music surprisingly listenable. Fine playing.
PROKOFIEFF: QUARTET #2, OP. 92 (1942). Fine Arts Quartet. SHOSTAKOVICH: TRIO IN E MINOR (1944). Oistrakh, Sadlo, Shostakovich. Mercury LP: MG 10045.	The Russian trio is thoroughly muffled on good machine—no highs above 4,000 or so; the Prokofieff is much brighter, with considerable distortion as played wide-range, highs less boosted than most LP's. Very good acoustics.	The Trio—longish, full of typical Shostakovich march rhythms — assembles a powerful composer-led cast, is good listening in spite of recording. The Quartet is given a taut, musical playing. Good. (Cf. Concert Hall's, with the Gordons.)
STRAVINSKY: "APPOLON MUSAGETE"; CONCERTO GROSSO IN D. RCA Victor Orchestra, Stravinsky. RCA Victor LP: LM 1096	S. writes superbly for strings! "Apollon," ballet music, is unusually lyric with a poignantly detached melancholy, most listenable. The Concerto Grosso, newer, is harder, based on typical rhythmic fragmentary ideas; it takes a smaller, closer group, à la Brandenburg 3rd. Choppy, but still an effective string work. Superb recording, exactly suited to each (the Concerto closer, drier, sharper). Authoritatively exciting performance.	
HINDEMITH: QUARTET #1, OP. 10 (1919). Stuyvesant String Quartet. Philharmonia LP: PHLP 100 (10″)	One of the finest quartet recordings available (helped by Hindemith's superb string writing and by good playing). Big, full, undistorted (a few slight blasts), live but not unnaturally so.	Early—but an astonishingly close-knit piece, extraordinarily well written for quartet. Indeed, only to be matched by Beethoven or Mozart. Enthusiastic music, with hints of Strauss, even Elgar, on traditional contrapuntal German base.
MODERN MUSIC FOR STRINGS. (Shostakovich, Bartók, Rachmaninoff, Shulman, Hindemith.) Stuyvesant Sinfonietta, Columbia LP: ml 2121 Shulman. (10″)	Interesting short works from gushy (Rachmaninoff) to solid (Hindemith). Early Shostakovich octets are less dogmatic than his later style; Bartók's "Rumanian Dances" are sentimentally folky, familiarly energetic; Schulman's "Nocturne" is slightly dissonant, well made and unimportant. The two Hindemith pieces (from earlier 78 issues) have the most meat, also the most distortion. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.	

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special, intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 30¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times 22¢ a word; 26 times 24¢ a word; 13 times 26¢ a word; 6 times 28¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department. The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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Continued on Page 42

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CLASSIFIED

Continued from Page 41

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PERSONALS

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YOUNG BUSINESS MAN, athletically inclined, would like to hear from sincere, intelligent and charming female. Box 448-E.

YOUNG MAN, average, intelligent, lonely, would welcome correspondence with young lady in similar plight. Box 449-E.

BOOKSHOP APPRENTICESHIP WANTED by mature man, literary training, 3 degrees. Would consider buying outright or on shares. B. T. Moss, 708 Brookside, High Point, N. C.

ARTISTIC, HAPPY adult woman of French background would like corresponding with sound, serious gentleman, interested in art and beauty. Box 452-E.

YOUR MOVIE OPINIONS WANTED FOR SURVEY. No catches. Request questionnaire. Box 61-E.

NICE MAN, illustrator, would like to hear from non-smug, independent woman of semi-ripened intellect. Box 426-E.

HOUSEKEEPER, governess, driver. Will travel. Educated, mature woman. Box 427-E.

YOUNG MALE, midwest college would be aroused from academic torpor by sensitive but worldly correspondence. Box 436-E.

MATURE WOMAN, cultured, sincere, considered charming, invites correspondence from middle-aged males. Box 437-E.

YOUNG MALE, lonely, responsible, interests wide especially arts, philosophically idealist, psychoanalyzed, humanitarian, disbelieves in gods, living by lithography, writing play, will honest, unstuffy female of similar outlook write? Box 438-E.

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5-ROOM BUNGALOW and 3-room studio available Jan. 1. $85. Clarendon Plantation, Box 1027, Wilmington, N. C.

YOUNG MAN, somewhat isolated, desires correspondence with a young lady. Box 423-E.

YOUNG MAN would wish to correspond with a mature young lady. Box 424-E.

COLLEGE BOY, bored but hopeful, longs for intrepid correspondence. Box 425-E.

PERSONALS

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN will occupy Manhattan house as caretaker in your absence. References. Remuneration: peace, piano, only. Box 428-E.

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FRENCHMAN wll be glad to correspond with humorous lady. Box 431-E.

YOUNG MAN, just obtained M.A., 2 years teaching experience wants secondary job anywhere, now or by February. English, Latin, guidance. Box 432-E.

ENRICHING CORRESPONDENCE from mature, impressive, cultured gentleman offered reciprocating, worthy lady. Box 433-E.

COLLEGE PROFESSOR seeks furnished apartment for family during Sabbatical, Jan. 23—June 1. 2 or 3 bedrooms. Columbia vicinity. Box 434-E.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 874

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Volume of essays by Christopher Morley.	134 5 47 142 76 27 22 117 127 84
B. American historical and genre painter (1813-84; "The Spirit of '76," etc.).	73 36 102 7 59 9 17 33
C. Province, NW Eire.	125 146 94 167 24 156 177 171
D. A tropical sea bird like the gannet, but smaller (southern U.S. and Cent. Amer.).	75 101 119 63 35 128 70
E. Florida site of "Ocean Pond" battle, Confederate victory, Feb. 20, 1864.	79 3 151 144 51 126 121
F. Fabric knitted or woven to resemble knitting.	16 65 8 138 103 61
G. Last name, a "Mother Goose" hero.	122 64 82 137 30 78
H. Afferent (said of nerves).	72 43 107 95 143 96
I. Opera by Richard Strauss (with "Der").	90 38 105 147 29 68 1 100 20 85 42 50 129
J. Marked by pompous formality.	161 69 10 31 40 174 109 169 141 48 81
K. A civil wrong independent of a contract (law).	178 164 152 4
L. Ruler of Judea at time of Christ's death (Bib.).	116 91 41 157 15

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Well-born.	98 80 176 14 148 83 18
N. American painter (1848-1936; dome of Library of Congress, etc.).	54 2 104 66 52 135 32 23 92 13
O. Friend and correspondent of Cicero, who edited Cicero's letters to him.	55 44 145 140 149 160 49
P. Negro of an extensive linguistic family of the African Slave Coast.	56 45 108 74 159 153
Q. Last name of hero in title of opera by Tschaikowsky.	62 118 12 154 175 21
R. British portrait painter, nephew of Gilbert Stuart (1794-1835).	115 11 110 162 57 170
S. Most famous of ancient religious "mysteries" (Gr. myth.).	86 97 114 136 179 132 124 163 26 58
T. Portended evil.	139 19 89 77 99 60 155 165 172 113
U. American Army officer in command of 7th Army in Europe, etc., World War II (1889-1945).	37 6 133 46 106
V. "Beach" in Normandy, invasion of France, June 6-10, 1944.	28 158 67 131 88
W. Eskimo coat of caribou skin.	39 112 166 120 53 34 93 71
X. Short river, Monmouthshire, Eng., flows into the Usk.	123 87 25 168
Y. American statesman awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, 1912.	173 150 111 130

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

			1 I	2 N	3 E		4 K	5 A	6 U	7 B		8 F	9 B		10 J	11 R	12 Q							
13 N	14 M	15 L		16 F	17 B		18 M	19 T	20 I	21 Q	22 A	23 N		24 C		25 X							
26 S	27 A	28 V	29 I	30 G	31 J		32 N	33 B	34 W	35 D		36 B		37 U	38 I	39 W							
40 J	41 L		42 I	43 H		44 O	45 P		46 U	47 A	48 J	49 O	50 I		51 E	52 N							
53 W		54 N	55 O	56 P	57 R	58 S	59 B	60 T		61 F	62 Q		63 D	64 G	65 F	66 N							
67 V	68 I	69 J		70 D	71 W	72 H		73 B	74 P	75 D	76 A	77 T	78 G	79 E	80 M	81 J							
	82 G	83 M	84 A	85 I	86 S		87 X	88 V	89 T	90 I	91 L	92 N		93 W	94 C	95 H							
	96 H	97 S	98 M	99 T	100 I	101 D		102 B	103 F		104 N		105 I	106 U	107 H	108 P							
109 J		110 R	111 Y	112 W	113 T	114 S	115 R		116 L	117 A	118 Q	119 D	120 W	121 E		122 G							
123 X	124 S	125 C	126 E	127 A	128 D	129 I	130 Y	131 V		132 S	133 U	134 A		135 N	136 S	137 G							
138 F	139 T	140 O	141 J	142 A		143 H	144 E		145 O	146 C		147 I	148 M	149 O	150 Y	151 E							
152 K	153 P	154 Q	155 T		156 C	157 L	158 V	159 P	160 O	161 J	162 R	163 S	164 K	165 T		166 W							
167 C		168 X	169 J	170 R	171 C	172 T	173 Y		174 J	175 Q	176 M	177 C	178 K	179 S										

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 33 of this issue.

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This Christmas Give Two Gifts in One!

Your gift of SRL includes the big January 13th issue, *America and the Mind of Europe* . . . that promises to make publishing history.

There was never a better time for you to share with your friends the pleasure you get from *The Saturday Review* each week. For this Christmas, your gift of SRL brings with it the big bonus issue, *America and the Mind of Europe: Mid-Century,* to be published January 13th.

The thinking man of Europe is the top target in the cold war. In all probability, how this man thinks and acts will determine the issue between Russia and the U.S.

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- It will assess the cultural recovery that has taken place in Europe since World War II as part of the economic and military recovery achieved with American aid.
- It will dramatize the common stake that Europe and America have in a free world.

Some highlights from *The Saturday Review's* forthcoming issue on

America and the Mind of Europe: Mid-Century

Lewis Galantière, guest editor for this issue, examines what is being written and discussed in Europe today.
Denis De Rougemont assesses the present state of "The Mind of Europe."
Arthur Koestler analyzes "The False Dilemma" troubling the thinking men of Europe.
Robert Lewis Shayon surveys the actual effect of the Voice of America broadcasts in Europe.
Stephen Spender examines the situation of the creative artist in England.
Other authors represented with special contributions in this issue include:

Bennett Cerf, John Mason Brown, Nicolas Nabokoff, James Thrall Soby, Irving Kolodin, Edward Tatnall Canby, Richard Griffith, Goodman Ace, and Horace Sutton.

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